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SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1900.

WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT:
THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA SIXPENCE.



Photo, Montalbano, Florence.

HIS MAJESTY HUMBERT I, RENIER CHARLES EMANUEL JEAN MARIE FERNAND EUGÈNE, KING OF ITALY.

BORN AT TURIN, MARCH 14, 1841; ASSASSINATED AT MONZA, JULY 29, 1900.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A traveller who has lately returned from Spain tells me that the Spanish and Portuguese are doing us the honour of hating us with more than wonted virulence. In a club at Madrid, where this gentle man is well known, his old acquaintances saluted his entrance by pointedly engrossing themselves in the newspapers. The countrymen of General Weyler, it seems, are incensed at the "atrocities" of the British troops in South Africa. They derive their information on this point from those impartial and veracious prints, the *Libre Parole* and the *Intranseignant*, just as the learned professor at Utrecht University, who told us some time ago that Kaffirs were butchering women and children by the orders of British officers, derived his information from agencies subsidised by Dr. Leyds. My friend the traveller, whose name would be a guarantee for complete detachment from the ordinary British prejudices about foreigners, told me, further, that a friend of his, an Italian, who visits England frequently because he likes the country and the people, held the firm belief that the British soldiers were monsters of cruelty. When asked to account for a phenomenon so contrary to what he knew of the English character, he said there was a latent savagery in the English which came out in the peaceful battues of pheasants. I wonder what conclusions might be drawn by this method of reasoning as to the Italian character from the treatment of animals in Italy.

I remember that the Utrecht professor insinuated that prisoners of war were sent to St. Helena in order that they might be secretly put to death. One of them appears to be still alive, for no less a person than the redoubtable Colonel Schiel has written to the *Times* an indignant denial of some French tale about our inhumanity to our captives. It is not inhumanity that he has experienced, but "kindness and generosity." Will the Utrecht professor be impressed by this evidence? Will the clubmen at Madrid set that letter in the *Times* against the fantasies of Drumont and Rochefort? I can hear them scoff at the bare idea. "How are we to know," they will ask, "that Schiel really wrote that letter? What is there to prove that it is not a forgery by the British Mandarins, who, like the Mandarins at Peking when they have murdered anybody, keep up the fiction that he is still alive?" I am ready to wager that this argument will appear in the *Intranseignant*, and that Rochefort will gravely challenge Lord Salisbury to allow a French deputation of inquiry to visit St. Helena. Our perfidious Foreign Office would reject this eminently reasonable test of its good faith, and that would be proof positive that Colonel Schiel is dead. Did not Napoleon die on that hateful island? Another proof that the Schiel letter is a fraud! I wish Rochefort and Drumont could interview Colonel Schiel, so as to deliver the crowning stroke of French political logic. "Dreyfus had no right to be innocent," they would say. "You have no right to be alive. Therefore Dreyfus is a traitor, and you are dead!"

It is amazing that, in the face of this reprobation, English people still have the hardihood to ramble about Europe. Instead of hiding their diminished heads in their own watering-places, they visit their usual holiday haunts on the Continent as if nothing had happened. Friends of mine are off to Homburg and Switzerland, quite indifferent to their repute for murder and other crimes. Something should be done to awaken them to a sense of their iniquity, and the Mayor of Bruges feels that he is the man to do it. He has issued a proclamation warning English people not to visit his ancient city. I do not think he means that the citizens of Bruges will lay violent hands on the obnoxious stranger, for no harm, I fancy, will come to any Briton in Belgium who provides himself with a good stout cudgel. But the point of the proclamation is that, should the hated islander repair to Bruges in spite of it, that city will be elaborately disinfected after his departure. I wish that other Continental mayors would adopt this ingenious plan of purification. Many Englishmen, no doubt, will be glad to co-operate with the Mayor of Bruges in his admirable sanitary zeal, and to visit other cities on the same terms. By this means some very stale old places might be judiciously sweetened to the senses, and the British traveller would know that, although he might be vilified, he would not be poisoned.

One of our war-correspondents, a man who, to my personal knowledge, is a singularly able, cool, and trustworthy observer, and no partisan in regard to the political issue, has described the entry of Lord Roberts into Pretoria. This correspondent was surrounded by a number of the inhabitants, who, taking him for an officer, implored his protection. They had heard of British "atrocities" at Bloemfontein and Johannesburg, and, like our discriminating critics on the Continent, believed every word. They thought they were going to be pillaged and slaughtered without mercy; and they expected at the hands of the British soldier other things which are sufficiently indicated by the correspondent's comment: "Nothing worse has ever been said of the Unspeakable Turk." Then he spoke to these trembling suppliants, and told them what manner of man this monster of their imagination really was. "When I thought of our

good-natured, tender-hearted, rather sentimental British soldier, I laughed at the absurdity of the contrast; and they gradually took heart." Then follows a picture, every word of it stamped with truth, equally remote from hysterical heroics and malicious disparagement: "I wish the whole army in South Africa would march through London exactly in its present condition—begrimed with dirt, red, white, and black with various dust, stained with oil, torn and worn into holes, savagely bearded, gaunt, grim, and steeled with hunger, hard marching, and endurance, sober from want of drink, solemnised by continual proximity to death."

Not much disposition here to commit atrocities, unless there be a lurking demon in Mr. Atkins's savage heart. "As I see these dusty and weather-worn figures tramping past," continues the correspondent, "and remember what they have seen and done and suffered, I wonder more than ever at the patience, the tough endurance, and ironic humour of the English poor; and almost equally I admire the versatility, the traditional courtesy, the self-restraint, and hatred of all melodrama and display, which years of good breeding, with healthful food and training, have produced among the class from which our officers are drawn." No transports of enthusiasm, you observe; simply a plain, truthful, unvarnished sketch of the men and the qualities that are conquering in this long and arduous campaign in a country which, as a theatre of war, can scarcely be matched for size and difficulty. It is a very sober view, and is doubtless new and incredible to the Mayor of Bruges, and to the distinguished advocate at Brussels who defended Sipido on the plea that a young and generous mind must be stung to anger and crime by the brutality of the English. By the warlike Belgians we are naturally regarded as Huns in ferocity, but not in valour. The Hun has been buried too long in oblivion! He is indispensable to any martial comparison; and every literary man must rejoice to see him exhumed by such master of rhetoric as the German Emperor.

Oddly enough, the German papers cannot agree as to what the Kaiser actually said to his soldiers who were embarking for China. Some represent him as having adjured them to quit themselves like Christians, Teutons, and Huns. There is a remarkable passage in which the Kaiser is made to say that they must carve "a path for Christianity" in China by giving no quarter and taking no prisoners. I recognise the Hun in this injunction; but where is the Christian? And where, too, is the Teuton, who is so sensitive about "atrocities" in South Africa? I believe the Kaiser was misinformed, and that what he really said was that the Chinese were like the Huns, who gave no quarter and took no prisoners. But why have not the German journalists adopted this construction of the speech with promptitude and unanimity? I am amazed to find some of them rebuking their Sovereign for sentiments worthy of Attila, but not of a religious champion who declares that Christianity is the only basis of civilised society. Are not such critics guilty of *lèse-majesté* in its most culpable degree? I am impatiently awaiting the news that they have been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment in a fortress.

CHINA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

Apart from the intense moral and sentimental significance of the latest despatches regarding the safety of the Legations at Peking, there is not much change in the situation in China from a purely military standpoint. Since the capture of Tientsin by the Allied forces, every effort has been made to organise the administration of the city on a satisfactory footing, and to repair the damaged forts and barracks with a view to making the place a thoroughly strong base for the advance upon Peking. The date of the advance had not, apparently, been decided at the time of writing, but it may well be that, so far as the European Powers are concerned, there will be a slight further delay. Meanwhile, a Japanese force will either have moved, or be on the eve of moving, at the end of this week, the most likely starting-point being Shan-hai-Kwan, which lies about 150 miles to the north-east of Tientsin.

SOUTH AFRICA.

During the past week the end of the war has been brought much nearer by a considerable success on the part of Sir Archibald Hunter, who, on July 29, received the unconditional surrender of General Prinsloo and one thousand men in the hills round Bethlehem.

In the Transvaal, Lord Roberts is directing from Pretoria the advance eastwards along the Delagoa Railway towards Komati Poort. Middelburg had been occupied by Saturday last, and the advance was steadily progressing in three columns, represented by a force under General Ian Hamilton, moving to the north of the railway, Pole-Carew's Division taking the line itself, and French's cavalry working on the right flank. The Boers have been steadily falling back before the advance, and by the latest advices Botha himself had retired on Machadodorp. Here very elaborate entrenchments are being constructed with a view to facilitate a retirement to Lydenburg. It is said that Mr. Kruger's Government will fall back on Nelspruit, presumably with the hope of making a dash through Komati Poort at the psychological moment.

PARLIAMENT.

A lively discussion in the Lords was provoked by Lord Wemyss, who quoted a British military attaché's opinion that November would see us plunged into European complications of the gravest character. Lord Salisbury asked for the attaché's name, and was told with some tartness by Lord Wemyss that he had no right to demand it. The Prime Minister said he expected nothing more serious in November than "shooting stars," and denied that his speech to the Primrose League on May 9 was an alarmist speech, although he admitted that the hostility of popular feeling on the Continent to this country was a serious matter. Lord Rosebery complained that the provisions made by the Government for the national defence were not adequate, and asked why Lord Wolseley was silent. Lord Lansdowne replied that it would be irregular for the Commander-in-Chief to express any opinion on the military measures of the Government.

The Supplementary Army Estimates were discussed in the Commons with considerable animus against the War Office. Mr. Wyndham promised a full inquiry into all the shortcomings disclosed by the war, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman prophesied that the inquiry would be made when all interest in the subject had evaporated. The Leader of the Opposition was left in a sad plight by the division on Sir Wilfrid Lawson's amendment condemning the war. Sir Henry declined to vote, but forty of his followers voted with the Government, and thirty-five against them. The Opposition split into three sections, those who condemn it root and branch, and those, like Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who will not vote either way.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer asked for thirteen millions more: eight millions for South Africa, three for operations in China, a million and a quarter for the Navy, and the rest for odds and ends, including the Ashanti Expedition. The total cost of the war is roughly estimated at sixty-one millions, which will be slightly exceeded if the campaign should drag on till the end of September.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

CONVENIENT FAST EXCURSES FOR TOURISTS AND FAMILIES.

NORTH WALES TOURIST RESORTS.

London (Euston)	dep. 9.30	11.15	p.m.	1.30
Ilfracombe	arr. 10.32	4.30	6.33	
Colwyn Bay	3.3	4.50	7.33	
Llandudno	3.50	5.20	7.30	
Penmaenmawr	4.45	5.22	7.36	
Bangor	3.21	4.45	7.05	
Pwllheli	5.5	—	9.50	
Criccieth	5.8	—	9.38	

London (Euston)	dep. 9.30	11.0	p.m.	2.35
Bermonsey	arr. 9.45	8.55	—	—
Aberystwyth	4.30	5.30	9.45	

CENTRAL WALES.

London (Euston)	dep. 11.0	11.30	p.m.	1.30
Llandrindod Wells	arr. 4.15	7.5		
Llangollen	4.22	7.58		
Llanrwst	5.5	7.44		

BLACKPOOL AND ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.
London (Euston)	dep. 10.27	11.30	a.m.	11.30
Blackpool	arr. 11.00	4.30	—	
Morecambe	4.45	7.5		
Windermere	3.40	5.15		
Keswick	—	5.33		

For further particulars see the Company's Time Tables and Notices.

Euston, July 1900.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

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WEEK-DAYS.

	8.30	9.00	9.30	10.00	10.30	10.45	11.30	11.45	11.55	12.00
Paddington.....dep.	5.30	7.25	9.0	9.20	10.30	10.35	10.45	11.30	11.45	11.55
Weymouth.....arr.	—	—	—	10.10	—	—	—	—	—	—
Gurnsey.....arr.	12.30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4.17
Jersey.....arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Minchend.....arr.	11.55	1.2	3.30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Barnstaple.....arr.	—	—	—	3.13	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ilfracombe.....arr.	—	2.23	4.27	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Exeter.....arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Devonport.....arr.	11.24	12.37	2.17	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Telgmount.....arr.	11.34	12.50	2.29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Torquay.....arr.	12.30	1.30	3.2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Plymouth (Mill Bay).....arr.	12.57	2.10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Newquay.....arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
St. Ives.....arr.	—	4.18	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Penzance.....arr.	—	5.25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Tenby.....arr.	—	4.58	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Tenby.....arr.	3.6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Paddington.....dep.	1.15	2.25	3.0	3.15	4.00	4.00	4.00	4.00	4.00	—
Weymouth.....arr.	—	6.55	—	8.35	11.0	—	—	—	—	—
Jersey.....arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Minchend.....arr.	6.50	8.25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Barnstaple.....arr.	—	—	9.25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ilfracombe.....arr.	—	—	9.37	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Exeter.....arr.	5.51	7.22	11.7	12.28	—	—	—	—	—	—
Dawlish.....arr.	6.13	8.14	11.29	12.00	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teglmount.....arr.	6.26	7.52	11.40	3.0	—	—	—	—	—	—
Torquay.....arr.	7.9	8.20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Plymouth (Mill Bay).....arr.	7.46	9.10	1.0	4.25	—	—	—	—	—	—
Newquay.....arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
St. Ives.....arr.	10.40	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Penzance.....arr.	—	11.4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Tenby.....arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Paddington.....dep.	8.30	9.50	1.40	2.10	3.45	4.50	5.00	6.00	7.10	—
Great Malvern.....arr.	—	1.20	2.17	—	8.17	11.13	—	—	—	—
Birmingham.....arr.	11.50	12.42	—	4.33	7.27	10.25	11.0	3.35	—	—
Dolgelley.....arr.	—	3.29	—	9.10	—	—	—	—	—	—
Barnmouth.....arr.	—	3.25	—	9.20	—	—	—	—	—	—
Aberystwyth.....arr.	4.20	—	—	9.45	—	—	—	—	—	—

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	C	C	C	C	A	B	P.E.	F	G
London (King's Cross) dep.	5.15	6.15	7.15	8.15	2.20	3.20	8.45	10.15	11.20
Edinburgh	—	—	—	—	6.30	7.30	9.15	10.30	11.30
Glasgow	—	—	—	—	7.50	8.50	9.35	10.35	10.45
Carlisle	—	—	—	—	8.48	9.48	10.20	11.30	11.30
Carlisle	—	—	—	—	9.15	10.15	10.45	11.30	11.30
Oban	—	—	—	—	9.30	10.30	11.55	12.30	12.30
Fort William	—	—	—	—	9.30	10.30	11.55	12.30	12.30
Dundee	—	—	—	—	9.30	10.30	11.55	12.30	12.30
Dundee	—	—	—	—	9.30	10.30	11.55	12.30	12.30
Ballater	—	—	—	—	9.40	10.40	11.55	12.30	12.30
Inverness	—	—	—	—	9.45	10.45	11.55	12.30	12.30

A—Until Aug. 10, Inclusive, Saturdays and Sundays excepted.

B—Week-days and Sundays. C—On week-days only.

D—On week-days (not Sundays) excepted.

E—Not on Sunday evenings.

F—Not on Sunday mornings.

G—On Mondays arrives at Callander 1.25 p.m. and Oban 4.32 p.m.

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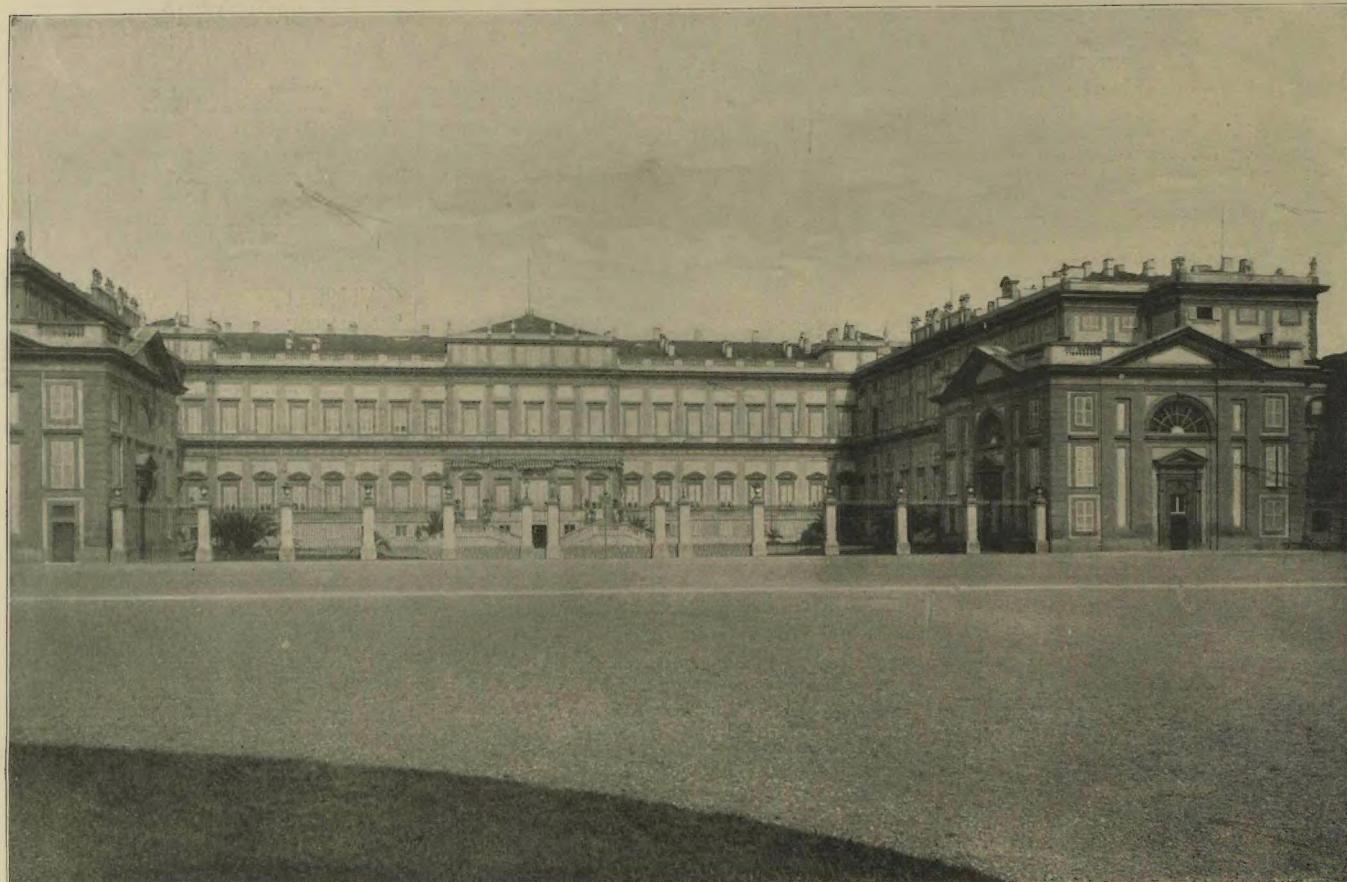
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THE ASSASSINATION OF THE KING OF ITALY: SCENES AT MONZA.



MONZA: THE ROYAL PALACE.



MONZA: THE LAKE IN THE GARDENS.

Photographs by Alinari.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE KING OF ITALY.



Photo. Adèle, Vienna.
PRINCESS HÉLÈNE OF MONTENEGRO (NOW QUEEN OF ITALY).

and was thus almost exactly seventeen years older than the kingdom over which he was destined to rule. During his childhood he bore the ancient title of Prince of Piedmont, and to the end of his life he remained passionately fond of the cradle of his race. His mother, a remarkable and highly intellectual woman, brought up all her children in the strict spirit of the family motto, "Fear and Savoy have never met," and Humbert to the end profited to the full by her lessons—indeed, it may be doubted whether in the history of the world there has ever been a monarch who possessed in a higher degree the noble quality of physical bravery. All through his life the King was famed for his boldness in the face of danger, and he possessed moral as well as physical courage. During the awful outbreak of cholera at Naples he spent hours in the hospitals, cheering the patients and inspiring the doctors and nurses with his own habitual optimism. When little more than a child, his reckless courage at the battle of Custoza astonished and, indeed, frightened those about him; and after he became King, in 1878, he was equally ready to fling himself into any breach. Comparatively recently he took an active part in the work of rescue at a fire, standing for eight long hours amidst the ruins of



Photo. Moutabone, Florence.
THE PRINCE OF NAPLES (NOW VICTOR EMANUEL III. OF ITALY).

The tragic death by assassination of King Humbert I. of Italy, which took place on July 29 at Monza, has plunged Europe into mourning. The King, who had presided at a distribution of prizes to a local gymnastic club, was shot at three times on his return drive by an Anarchist named Bressi. All the shots took effect, and his Majesty expired before the Villa Reale was reached.

The life of King Humbert lasted but little more than fifty-six years, and it is interesting to note that he was almost exactly the same age as Queen Victoria's second son. But how different their careers! The life of King Humbert may be said to be in the main the history of modern Italy, for at an age when most royal lads are still at school he was associated with the War of Italian Independence; and in the movement for the unification of Italy which followed that war he played a conspicuous part; while since his accession to the throne his personal qualities have in no small measure secured the permanence of the Italian Constitution.

The future King of United Italy was born in Turin on March 14, 1844,



MONZA: THE LIBRARY AND MUSEUM IN THE GROUNDS OF THE PALACE.

not with the King; she had just preceded him to the Campanelli race-course, and the King was following in a low victoria, accompanied merely by his aide-de-camp. On returning to Rome the royal couple received a splendid ovation, the whole Roman populace seeming to have turned out to do them honour. The would-be regicide on that occasion was a young blacksmith named Accarito, and he also escaped with his life. It was à propos of this incident that King Humbert is said to have used the historic phrase, "These are among the little uncertainties of our profession."

The late King of Italy was very devoted to his only child, and he and the Queen did all in their power to prepare the Prince of Naples for his future position. The marriage of the Prince of Naples to Princess Hélène of Montenegro fulfilled the dearest wish of King Humbert's heart, and there can be no doubt that, tragic and premature as was his end, his life may, on the whole, be said to have been, from many points of view, a far more satisfactory one than that which falls to the lot of most Sovereigns.



Photo. Bettini, Leghorn.
THE DUC D'AOSTA, NEPHEW OF HUMBERT (HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE).

a fallen horse, and personally directing the rescue party.

King Humbert was one of the busiest and most hard-working of European sovereigns, and much of his work was done while the majority of his subjects were still asleep. His greatest pleasures were riding and driving, and at his Summer Palace, the Villa Reale, near Monza, he devoted much of his leisure to the supervision of a stud farm. Our pictures of Monza are lent by Mr. Henry Gardner, who is engaged upon a book entitled, "The Queen and Country of Italy."

At the present moment there is a melancholy interest in recalling that King Humbert was twice the victim of serious attempts at assassination. On the first occasion he was driving with the Queen in a suburb of Naples, the then Prime Minister, Signor Cairoli, sitting opposite to them, when a man leapt on to the carriage and made an attempt to stab the Sovereign with a knife. The blow was warded off by Signor Cairoli, who was himself wounded. The name of the would-be assassin was Passamante, and though formally condemned to death for his act, the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life, and Passamante still lives an inmate of a lunatic asylum. The second time King Humbert's life was attempted was as recently as 1897. On that occasion Queen Margherita was



Photo. Guignolet and Bessi, Milan.
HER MAJESTY MARGHERITA, QUEEN DOWAGER OF ITALY.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SHAH'S PROJECTED VISIT.

On Wednesday morning the Shah of Persia, who has been sojourning in Paris, will, according to the arrangements made before the death of the Duke of Coburg, land at Dover and proceed to London—a city not, perhaps, quite so alluring to the Oriental taste. Met on behalf of the Queen at Charing Cross, his Majesty will have a full guard of honour of the Household Cavalry to convey him to Buckingham Palace, placed at his disposal by the Queen. On the day following that of his arrival, the Shah will receive her Majesty's Ministers and the members of the Corps



LADY SARAH WILSON.
Lent by Lady Sarah Wilson.

Diplomatic at the Palace, and will then proceed to Hatfield. How far Court mourning will interfere with the visit and the plans made for it—the lunch at Osborne with the Queen, with the Prince of Wales as a fellow-guest, the military review at Aldershot, the inspection of the arsenal, the naval review at Portsmouth—has not been decided as we go to press.

The Shah travels, of course, with a retinue. It consists of about twenty-five persons, including that delightful being, well known already in romance, the Grand Vizier, and these make a cavalcade fascinating to the man in the street. That is so even when the Shah takes his drives abroad in his own capital, where one of our Artists had sight of him. Much more is it so in London, or in Manchester, where his Majesty hopes to begin his second busy week in England, or in Brighton, to which he gives his last couple of days on our shores. The Persian Ambassador in London is hard at work with preparations for the reception of his royal master, who will dine with him once at the Embassy. But the reception in the main may be left with the London crowd, always pleased when a potentate pays it the compliment—however well deserved—of a visit. The portrait, from the pencil of M. Sabattier, which we publish to-day, may be taken, except as to costume, as a life-like presentment of the ruler of the Land of Roses, as he appeared last Saturday when he arrived in Paris as the guest of—that very strange thing in his absolute eyes—the Republic. M. Loubet did the honours at the station, and then the Eastern visitor, attired in a black tunic, his sword-belt sparkling with diamonds, drove with imperturbable gravity to the Palais des Souverains, the house of the late Dr. Evans in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, hired by the Government for its guests.

SCENES AT TEHERAN.

The Palace at Teheran is in the heart of the town, and consists of several separate buildings and pavilions, the central one of which is the actual imperial dwelling. The Shah's private apartments are again in the centre of the building, surrounded by those of his officers and attendants. The grounds are vast and beautiful, and a stream, flowing cool and clear from the mountains, gives welcome refreshment during the heat of the Persian summer. Coloured porcelain tiles abound on the gateways and walls, but the greater part are modern and of a rather gaudy description, the really beautiful old "faience," although there are some very fine specimens, being in the minority. The Palace contains treasures of truly Oriental splendour. Chief among these may be mentioned the "Peacock Throne," which was brought from Delhi, and

the terrestrial globe, upon which each country and capital is marked by a different precious stone. It seems strange to the Western mind to find placed among such priceless works of art as these cheap coloured prints and gaudy metal clocks of no value, but which attract the Oriental by their glitter. Still, they are there, guarded with as much zeal as the gold and silver and jewels.

The Shah is a keen sportsman, and spends much of his spare time in hunting. On these occasions he makes use of one or other of his country palaces, of which he has several in the vicinity of Teheran. The residence shown in the picture stands on the first ridge of hills north-east of and about eight miles from the city. The Court moves out with much ceremony. First, long lines of camels bear off the imperial baggage. Then the ladies of the harem drive by in closed carriages, accompanied by shouting eunuchs. They are followed by the high officials, generals, aides-de-camp, and the cavalry escort, whose uniforms seem to be a combination of those of every army in Europe; and last comes the Shah, alone in his very modern coupé, which drives rather slowly. One has just time to catch a glimpse of a pair of black moustaches and the famous diamond aigrette on his astrachan cap as he passes. In front of the imperial carriage are six runners, whose quaint costume is shown in our Illustration. They always precede the Shah wherever he goes, and are changed every few miles.

LADY SARAH WILSON.

Adventures are to the adventurous; and Lady Sarah Wilson must count herself as a living illustration of the proverb. That is the way with the Churchill family, both in its men and its women. Lady Sarah, a Churchill born, went to South Africa neither to take care of her nephews, the Duke of Marlborough or his cousin, Mr. Winston Churchill, nor to be taken care of by them, but as a Special Correspondent on her own account. She rode hither and thither; she had near escapes from death in various forms, including, perhaps, even the being shot as a spy. Certainly her eyes were at the disposal of her country; and when she was taken prisoner by the Boers, she used them with very good judgment. In Mafeking, where she stood the siege with the best, a familiarity with bombs became a feature of the day. Lady Sarah regarded the explosions with an equanimity hardly outdone by the onlooker at Crystal Palace fireworks. In Kimberley the largest shell fell into the Convent of the Sisters of Nazareth; and a similar abode of peace in Mafeking had an equally portentous and uninvited visitor. Lady Sarah Wilson did not, one

supposes, linger in the convent much longer than was necessary, delighting to be again "free to wander," as Stevenson put it for himself after his stay in a Trappist monastery. It was a fitting finish to the romances of Lady Sarah Wilson's wanderings that she landed in England just in time to assist at the wedding of her sister-in-law, Lady Randolph Churchill, and Mr. Cornwallis West.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

From Peking on Monday came news which has inspired the country with hope for the ultimate rescue of the Legations. This, at least, is certain. The story of the massacres said to have taken place on an early day in July was a false story, told in two newspapers with an ingenuity of detail which left no alternative as to its truth or as to the wilful concoction of a sensational story by persons reckless of the feelings of the relatives of men, women, and children whose murder was graphically described; and reckless, too, of the grief of the whole nation. Things are bad enough in Peking when the bare truth is told. The Legations have stood a long bombardment; they have guarded their position day and night, a worn-out band almost ready to welcome death; they have seen their comrades fall; they have watched their store of ammunition gradually and ominously grow less; also their food. Then on July 16 the firing of the Boxers ceased; the siege was maintained, but the fighting was over. These tidings, which relieve Europe of at least a part of its tension, come from the Legations themselves. Each Power has had from its own representative the welcome news. At the Admiralty on Monday a telegram from Rear-Admiral Bruce at Taku forwarded a message he had received two days earlier from Sir Claude MacDonald. It recorded that from June 20 to July 16 rifle and artillery fire had beset them; that then there was true. All the women and children were then safe in the British Legation. The losses had been sixty-two killed, including Captain Strouts; while the wounded, of the same number, included Captain Halliday. "Rest of Legation all well, except David Oliphant and Warren, killed." That brings the history down to July 21. Since then the news is less direct. But the reassurances of Chinese officials may be taken as really reassuring. Their words have been made good so far, and the relief column of the Allied armies has reached at last the marching-point.

Our Illustrations embrace many phases of the crisis. We have views of Pao-ting-fu, in the Pechili Province, ninety-five miles south-west of Peking, which has obtained unenviable notoriety for the massacre there on July 8 of two thousand native Christians. Nagasaki, once the only port of Japan open to foreigners, adds to its interest by

being temporarily granted to the United States for use as a military base. United States, Indian, Japanese, and Prussian soldiers for service in the Far East also find an opportunity place on our pages.

The 1st Bengal Lancers, which left Lucknow to embark at Calcutta for China on July 1, is one of the most distinguished of Indian cavalry regiments. Only a few months ago H.R.H. the Duke of York became its Colonel, and its official title is now the 1st (Duke of York's Own) Bengal Lancers. A reply to an address from the native officers and men to his Royal Highness only reached the regiment a week or two prior to its departure. The Duke took occasion to express the pride he felt at becoming connected with so distinguished a troop, and said he would watch their welfare everywhere. Although owing to the monsoon not having been established at the time in Northern India the weather was more than usually oppressive, registering upwards of 100 degrees in the shade, the departure of the gallant regiment from Lucknow was witnessed by a large number of spectators, including most of the officers of the British troops in the station. To provide against heat apoplexy, each soldier was allowed 3 lb. of ice on the journey up to Calcutta. The Kaiser's East Asiatic Regiment is smart and workmanlike, and has donned the broad hat of our own Colonial troops, in place of the cumbersome though martial *pikethaube*, or spiked helmet.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

The centenary celebration of the Royal College of Surgeons of England has been marked by numerous functions in London, the most important of which was the conferring of Honorary Fellowship on the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Rosebery, and between thirty and forty well-known members of the medical profession at home and abroad. The theatre of the University of London in Burlington Gardens presented a brilliant spectacle when the two politicians, in their Oxford robes, stepped forward to receive from the President, Sir William MacCormac, their certificates. At the centenary dinner in the evening—even doctors, fresh from severely dieting the world, must dine greatly on occasions—the new Honorary Fellows re-met, and were, moreover, joined by the Prince of Wales, who had privately accepted a similar honorary certificate—the first issued—a few days before. "There is no profession in the world that I admire more than the surgical profession," said his Royal Highness. Lord Rosebery hinted at the surgical operations said to be somewhere necessary when jokes passed, and then proceeded to banter Lord Salisbury on the practice ready to his hand in the dissolution of a Parliament. But Lord Salisbury gave his rival practitioner the go-by, contenting himself with a grave profession of ignorance.

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

"War" was formally declared between the rival fleets at 2 a.m. on Tuesday, July 24, and on the same afternoon B Fleet made a determined attack on Queenstown



CORRIDOR IN THE CONVENT AT MAFEKING.

SHOWING CHAIR IN WHICH LADY SARAH WILSON WAS SITTING WHEN A 94 POUND SHELL BURST JUST OVERHEAD.

Photograph lent by Lady Sarah Wilson.

Harbour. It was, however, beaten off with a loss of five torpedo-boats. At night the battle was renewed, a special mark being made of the harbour forts, with the result, according to our experts, that the harbour, in its present condition, has been proved to be entirely at the mercy of any foe. On the Wednesday several of A Fleet's war-ships and torpedo-boats were observed searching for the B Fleet in the neighbourhood of Milford, but the advent of a dense fog soon stopped further work. The cruiser *Edgar*, of A Fleet, entered Holyhead Harbour on Saturday last and took possession of the fort, which had been left undefended. B Fleet, in return, captured four of Admiral Rawson's vessels on that day in the Channel.

PERSONAL

retired. Rear-Admirals in 1887. It may be added as a trait of the considerateness of his character that the only words he uttered after receiving his fatal injuries were: "It was nobody's fault."

It is announced that Queen Wilhelmina is not engaged to be married. This seems to have relieved the anxiety of many bosoms. Queen Wilhelmina is a most attractive young woman, and there are stories of obscure and hopeless admirers who go about with many of her portraits next their hearts. When the inevitable wedding comes at last, these gentlemen will probably attend it clad in some kind of sad raiment to signify their forlorn condition.

Very grave statements are made as to the failure of the food supplies for the troops in South Africa. The difficulties of transport are enormous, but it is alleged that no proper effort has been made to bring up stores, which have been left to rot at railway-stations. A correspondent of the *Times* maintains that the war might have ended some months ago if the cavalry horses had been properly fed. Mr. Kruger escaped after the battle of Poplar Grove solely because the cavalry horses were too weak from starvation to overtake him.

The death of Sir Thomas McIlwraith, K.C.M.G., thrice Premier of Queensland, occurred, after a long and distress-

THE LATE SIR THOMAS MCILWRAHAN.
Three Premier of Queensland.

Mines. Greater
things were in
the near future for

Mr. Gladstone, re-entered it in 1888, personally ousting Sir Samuel Griffith in North Brisbane, and taking the Premiership in his place. Sir Thomas had some breezy passages with the Governor as to the prerogative of mercy for criminals, the real exercise of which he victoriously contended lay with the Administration, and when a new Governor was appointed, Sir Thomas demanded a voice or a veto, which was refused, a deadlock resulting when the Colonial Office independently nominated Sir Henry Blake. In 1892 and 1893 he again held the Premiership, finally retiring from politics in the last-named year. Sir Thomas, who married twenty-one years ago, Harriette Ann., daughter of Mr. Hugh Mosman, of Armidale, New South Wales, showed his practical attachment to England by making it his home during the remaining—and, unfortunately, suffering—period of his useful life.

A black and white portrait of Colonel Garioni, a man with a prominent mustache, wearing a military uniform with a high standing collar and several stars on the shoulders. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera.

A Deputy Lieutenancy of the county of Surrey has just been conferred by Lord Midleton upon Mr. Max Waechter, of Terrace House, Richmond. To Mr. Waechter's generosity, it will be remembered, is due the Convalescent Home for Surrey Women, erected at Bognor at a cost of about £20,000, and opened on July 9 by the Duchess of York.

General de Negrier has been reinstated on the French Supreme Council of War, from which he was removed by General de Gallifet. He is believed to have assured the Government that his action a year ago was misunderstood and that he is determined to stand by the Constitution. His reinstatement is probably an act of politic conciliation by General Andre, who gives fresh proofs almost daily of his vigour and capacity.

A black and white portrait of Captain Herbert William Hope Beyts. He is a young man with dark hair, wearing a military uniform with a high standing collar and several buttons. The portrait is set within an oval frame.

The murder of King Humbert has made the French Government anxious about the Shah. There is a Persian theatre at the Exhibition, and a young Persian employee in it was found to have a dagger concealed about him. His employers thought nothing of this. Perhaps they expect stage-struck young Persians to carry daggers. But the police took a very literal view of the case, and locked up the dagger and its owner.

By this time it ought to be clear that it needs no Anarchist plot to kill the head of a State. This has been repeatedly done by men who acted quite independently on a homicidal impulse. The assassin of the Empress of Austria was resolved to kill any royal personage he might come across, man or woman. Stories about the casting of lots, and the appointment of "executioners" by secret societies, are naturally credited by the police, who do not yet understand such a psychological phenomenon as Caserio or Bressi.

A country vicar is reported to have dismissed his curate for failure at cricket. "What this parish wants," says the vicar, "is a good fast bowler, with a break from the off." Mere spiritual qualifications are, of course, taken for granted. That parish is evidently free from the

controversy that rages between the Archbishops and the English Church Union.

A black and white portrait of Lord Cavan, an elderly man with a full white beard, wearing a military uniform with a high standing collar and a sword. The portrait is set within a circular frame.

The Rev. Henry Sharpe, of Holy Trinity, Hampstead, died the other week. Mr. Sharpe, who was an Evangelical of the old school, had laboured twenty-eight years in Hampstead, where he was well known and had much influence.

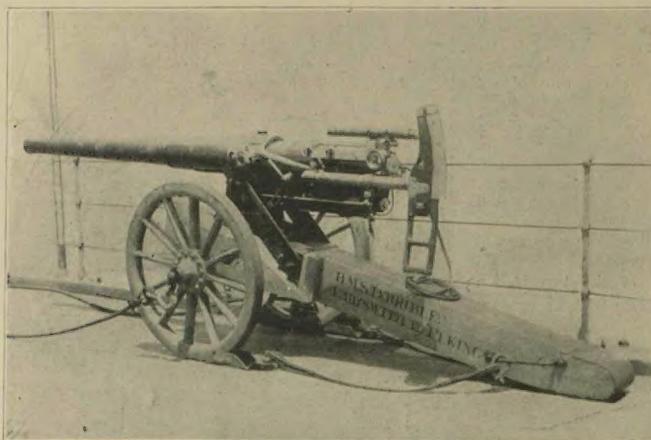
A black and white portrait of Commander Buchholz, a man with a dark mustache and short hair, wearing a military uniform with a high collar and a bow tie. The portrait is set within a circular frame.

There is a pretty general belief that Parliament will be dissolved in the autumn, and in view of this it is suggested that the Liberal Imperialists who have supported the Government in the House of Commons on the issue of the war should not be opposed in their constituencies by Liberals. The *Times* supports this view, apparently on the assumption that any Liberal Imperialist who was thus resisted against opposition would refrain from helping his party against Government candidates elsewhere.

By the death of the Rev. Albert Richard Vardy, King Edward's School at Birmingham has lost an able Head Master. Although not yet in his sixtieth year, he had been in ailing health for some time, and a paralytic stroke, which he suffered early in July, last week deprived him of life. Born at Warminster in 1841, he was educated at the City of London School, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in mathematical and classical honours, and carried off a succession of prizes, including the Smith's prize.

the University Head Master King Edward's School, Birmingham
Prize for Greek
Testament, the Deatly Prize, and the second Chancellor's
Classical Medal. A tutorship in the family of Mr. Anthony
Trollope took Mr. Vardy from Cambridge, and gave him a
tie with the world of modern letters. In 1864 he became
an Assistant Classical Master at the City of London School,
and took charge, as deputy for Professor Seeley, of the
evening classes at University College.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: BRITISH AND JAPANESE TROOPS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.



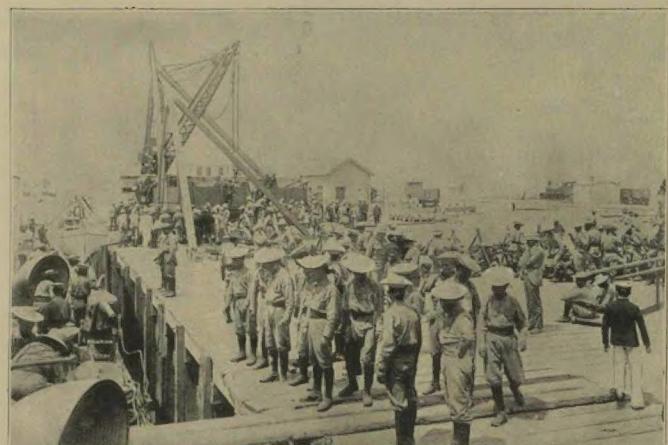
THE "TERRIBLE'S" LONG 12-POUNDER ON CAPTAIN SCOTT'S MOUNTING, LANDED AT TAKU FOR THE TIENTSIN RELIEF COLUMN.



THE "TERRIBLE'S" MEN EN ROUTE FOR TIENTSIN.



LANDING THE 12-POUNDER AND AMMUNITION.



CHINESE WEI-HAI-WEI REGIMENT LANDING WITH THE "TERRIBLE'S" MEN AT TAKU.

FROM LADYSMITH TO PEKING: THE "TERRIBLE" AT TAKU.



JAPANESE TROOPS ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN NORTHERN CHINA.

ALF TRENT



PHŒBE

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

AT all seasons our Mill-house makes the centre of a charming picture. More than once I have seen an artist hard at work under the hedge opposite, trying to do justice to the red-brown walls and the tiles which had lost any original hue, under their coating of brown and orange moss, varied by tufts of houseleek and grey lichen. The porch below, formed of gnarled apple branches and covered with pink and white clusters of honeysuckle blossom, proved a teaser to everyone who tried to sketch it.

The garden was a square plot on either side of the gravel path that led from the porch to the small entrance-gate; this fronted the weir and the brook, which on this side bordered the road to the Mill; the Mill itself was on the right of the house and faced the road. In the garden, flowers ran riot this summer-time; the new miller evidently cared for them. Lovely cream-coloured and rose-tinted peonies contrasted with delphiniums and tall, white lilies; while in the farther border a mass of rich-coloured sweet-william lay at the feet of spire-like golden mullein, with a background of damask roses and an edging of sweet and snowy pinks.

Making a cool foreground to the garden, the water from the Mill came rushing over the weir into the deep, dark pool below. A stretch of waste lay on the left, and across it was a way to the hill called the Camp; on the right of the road was the flowery hedge which now and again gave shade to a sketcher.

While I stood carefully noting all this, the miller came out from beneath the honeysuckle porch and wished me good-day. He had been only a few months in Saybourne, and I had rarely seen him. I admired his garden, and at this he came down the path, opened the gate, and asked me to come in and see his flowers.

"You must love flowers, Mr. Henshaw. How greatly you have improved this garden; it used to be dull all the year till June, and then it only had geraniums and a few bedding-out plants. All the spring it looked empty; but you have kept it bright ever since February."

He smiled.

"I mustn't take praise that don't belong to me," he said; "I keep the garden bright because I don't—er—know exactly when I shall have my girl at home with me. I have a wish, Madam"—he looked round him with satisfied dignity—"that my Phœbe, who is accustomed to see things as they should be—I—er—wish her to be content with the Mill-garden."

His grand manner amused me. We had never had any one of his kind in Saybourne; I felt sure he would greatly impress the villagers.

"You have only one daughter?" I inquired, without, I fear, much interest. I was so bent on going closer to the tall delphiniums. They bewitched me. I had never seen such beautiful plants: about eight feet high, with long heads of lovely sky-blue blossom, the inner petals suffused with a luminous rose-tint. I could only liken their colour to some wondrous Venetian glass I had seen.

"Yes," Mr. Henshaw answered, "I have one daughter. Er—at present she is not much of a reality to me. She—er—is my wife's child, and she went to her mother's cousin when she left school. She was to join me when I settled here. Yes; but, Madam, you—er—doubtless know the saying, 'Man proposes,' and—er—it was not to be. My wife's cousin, Mrs. Selby, a fine, well-preserved lady, sensible and discreet though a woman—for, present company excepted, nowadays all are not so—my wife's cousin had a—er—a stroke; she was for weeks so helpless that—er—it seemed a kindness to let the girl stay on with her; it appears, however, that Mrs. Selby has

recovered, and—er—her own married daughter has come to settle near her; I therefore wish Phœbe to return to me."

"You will be glad of that; a bright young girl is like sunshine in the house."

He put his head on one side, and looked at me with a sort of compassionate approval.

"Er—maybe, Madam, maybe so in some cases; I myself would liefer compare a lively lass to the rattle of a shower of hail, as restless, too, as the storm-clouds—you never know where she is driving to."

"We'll hope for the sunshine in your case," I said, laughing. "I will call and see your Phœbe when I hear of her arrival."

He stared for an instant as if he thought me presumptuous. "You are at liberty to do so, Madam," he said, with a grand bow.

I bade him farewell and went homewards. I hoped I should see our friend Harry, the blacksmith; we both liked him very much; his simple heartiness was a contrast to his neighbour's grandeur.

He did not live at the forge; he had a small house some way down the right-hand road at the end of the village. I saw that the forge-fire was glowing, and I expected to see my stalwart friend at work; but before the anvil there stood in his place his red-haired, many-freckled, crooked-faced assistant, Mike.

In answer to my inquiry Mike said the blacksmith had got something in his eye, and had gone home.

II.

A day or two later, Mr. Henshaw called and sent me word that his daughter had arrived and would be glad to see me; Priscilla gave the message as if she thought it presuming.

There had been a dearth of young girls in the village; no one had taken Moore Farm; Addie Wood had gone out to Australia, and was now a happy wife and mother near Melbourne. I told myself as I walked down to the Mill that I was glad to have a young creature to look after.

When I came in sight of the Mill-house I saw something white on the waste ground beyond the brook, but I was thinking of my visit, and I passed on unheeding. I stood some minutes under the honeysuckle porch before anyone answered my knock. Then a very smart maid, with a fly-away cap and long streamers, opened it, and said Miss Phœbe was not at home.

The day was very warm, and I should have been glad to go in and rest, but the pink-and-white, fiery-haired young woman gave me no choice, and I had to go away.

The white object had moved nearer the road, and I now saw that a girl in a white frock was sitting on a stone intently regarding me.

She rose, such a tiny creature that I fancied she must be a child; I wondered where she came from. But she did not give me time to think.

In an instant she came hurrying forward; she cleared the brook at a bound, and sidled up towards me. She stopped, stared wistfully at me with large liquid dark eyes set in a whimsical little face, and made me a deep curtsey.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Harté—you are Mrs. Harte, aren't you?" in the prettiest, most pleading little voice. "I'm so sorry, so ashamed! I'm Phœbe Newham, from the Mill, you know."

I smiled at the winning little creature, and shook hands.

"Why need you be ashamed?"

She hung her head an instant; then a swift glance from those long-fringed dark eyes read my face.

"I am very much ashamed. Father made me think Mrs. Harte was a grand lady, who would do me good and set me to rights, the two things I hate most; so—" She hesitated and looked vexed.

"So you, went out for a walk instead of staying to receive me?"

"I—I can't ask you to come back now. What a goose I've made of myself!"

"Yes, and I shall give you punishment," I said, laughing. "You shall come homewards, and see the Rector."

"You are too good to me," she said in a low voice; "but you'll not lose by it; kindness suits me better than scolding."

When we reached the forge Harry Enson came out and greeted me.

I saw that he was looking with interest at my little companion.

"Mr. Henshaw's daughter has come to live with us in Saybourne." I looked at my bright-eyed little friend, and was glad to see she was smiling at the big, bearded man.

"I saw you the day I arrived," Phœbe said in a winning way, that I was sure made the honest fellow her slave at once. "I thought your forge so picturesque. I wonder if I may sketch it?" She looked charming with that shy, pleading expression.

A stern voice from the deep shadow within the forge made me start.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Harte? Is the Rector well?"

Only one person in Saybourne spoke in that tone of underlying rebuke, which made me at once feel I had done something wrong.

As Mr. Broughton came forward and shook my hand, I thought how exactly his voice matched with his strong stilly built figure, his severe face, straight nose, and firm chin. His mouth had a sweet expression, which redeemed the rest, but his grey eyes were too light for his red-brown skin, his dark hair and eyebrows.

He smiled at me and showed a good set of white teeth.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in a more genial tone, "but did you say that Mr. Henshaw of the Mill has a daughter?"

I saw that Harry wanted to return to his anvil, so I nodded farewell to him. "If you will walk up the hill with us," I said to Mr. Broughton, "I can answer your questions as we go."

He stared, I am not sure that he did not frown at my want of instant obedience; but I went on, "I must introduce you to Miss Henshaw, Mr. Broughton."

My dainty little friend bowed.

"My name is Newham," she said.

"Surely I have seen you before? Yes, we were in the same balcony last year at the Jubilee."

He spoke just as if he were scolding her.

"Possibly." She did not speak in the winning voice she had used to Harry.

Mr. Broughton reddened, but Phœbe looked perfectly indifferent, and presently ran across to the hedge-bank to gather ragged-robin and starwort.

She came to me with them arranged in a charming little nosegay.

I admired the flowers. Mr. Broughton gave a grunt of disapproval.

"Much better leave them growing; they made a picture where they were. The poor things will be dead before you reach the Rectory."

Bright colour spread over Phœbe's face, and I saw a mischievous flash in her eyes.

"Oh, no; they'll revive in water and look lovely, if they are kindly treated." She glanced saucily at me as

she spoke; she was evidently not accustomed to be found fault with.

"They'll never look so well again," he said roughly. Then in a smoother voice, "I'm sorry I can't go any farther with you, Mrs. Harte, but I have business here. Remember me to the Rector. Good-day to you; good-day." and with a bow to my companion he turned at the gate of the Warrens.

We went on in silence. Before we reached the Rectory, Phoebe said—

"Is that man a great friend of yours?"

Her voice sounded almost plaintive.

"No, I hardly know him. He is Mr. Stenson's agent, but he is also agent for one or two others. Till lately he has lived partly in London, partly at Exton; but a few months ago he took a house here. He tells me he likes Saybourne. I believe he is very clever."

Phoebe groaned.

"I wonder why clever people are so often disagreeable," she said. "I fancy that gentleman already considers himself the Pope of Saybourne. How do he and my father agree, I wonder?"

"How does your name happen to be Newnham?" I said.

"My own father, Lieutenant Newnham, died when I was a baby, and my mother married Mr. Henshaw."

III.

Raymond had not come in during Phoebe Newnham's visit; he was interested by my account of my new friend.

"I am glad the girl took to you, for I doubt whether she will get on well with her stepfather. Whitaker tells me he attended the mother in London, and that she seemed a refined, educated woman. She was very poor; her husband had died young and left her unprovided for. Whitaker thinks that she must have married Henshaw for the sake of a home. He has been kind to the girl; he sent her to school; and she has since lived with her mother's cousin, Mrs. Selby; but she is in a false position here."

"We walked up the hill with Mr. Broughton."

"Did you? He might take a fancy to her, and she might do worse."

"Oh no, Raymond, you won't say so when you've seen how sprightly she is; such a dainty creature would be quite mismatched with that hard fellow. He'd soon break her heart, I fancy."

My husband shrugged his shoulders.

During the month that followed I saw a good deal of my little friend. I lent her books—I'm not sure if she read them—and I taught her to garden. After some persuasion, she took a class in Sunday-school.

I was sitting alone one evening in the drawing-room. Raymond was busy with his sermon in the study. It had grown dusk. All at once I saw a face pressed against the glass.

I was greatly alarmed. I cried out, "Who's there?"

A gentle tap on the glass answered me. I went up to the window, opened it, and Phoebe, wrapped in a long black hooded cloak, came in, and warmly kissed me.

I stared at her in a kind of dumb wonder. The girl clapped her hands and laughed.

"Am I very dreadful?"

"I'm afraid there must be something dreadful the matter. Is your father ill, Phoebe?"

She flung off her cloak and knelt down beside me, fixing her great dark eyes lovingly on mine.

"Please don't call me Phoebe; that is what Cousin Agatha called me when I displeased her. I'm going to tell you everything, and then you can't be angry."

She was hugging my knees, and the sweetness of her voice made reproof difficult.

"Yes, you had better tell me." I tried to look and

"Silly child," father said, "you do not know how to behave. Be sure there's a good supper, because—er—Mr. Broughton is coming by my invitation."

"I believe he was afraid to say any more, for he went out of the office before I could answer. He did not come in to dinner, and I've not seen him since; so I did some obedience: I ordered a capital supper, which Mr. Broughton will like much better than he likes me. When it grew dusk I came round by the Camp to you, dear."

"Then no one knows you are here?"

"I did not meet anyone. Jane was too busy laying the supper to keep watch over me; no one would know me in that cloak and hood."

"Mr. Henshaw will be anxious about you."

"I can't help that. Please tell me what you think before I go home."

"Did you come away to avoid Mr. Broughton, or to grieve your father?"

She rose from her knees, and stood thinking. Then she said slowly—

"I hardly know; I suppose for both reasons."

"You dislike Mr. Broughton so very much?"

"N—no, I don't really dislike him as a man. I've seen him several times; he walks home from church with us, though it's out of his way. He's—well—he's interesting to listen to, and—and he's not so brusque as he seemed at first."

I had kept my eyes on her face. She turned abruptly away as she ended.

"Then I must blame you very much; you ought to please your father as much as you can."

"You think I ought to sit mumble-chance, and be forced on a man who doesn't want me?" Her voice was impatient, and she flushed red.

"Sit down, child, and be reasonable. If Mr. Broughton does not want you, he'll not ask you. Anyway, you were wrong to come here alone in the dusk; you might have met a tramp on that lonely bit."

She frowned, then put up her lip, and suddenly hid her face on my shoulder.

"I couldn't have thought," she sobbed, "you would have looked so stern, you dear Mrs. Harte; you don't half know how cross my father was to me."

When I had soothed her I told her she must go home at once. I went and

found Raymond, and we both walked to the Mill with the truant.

I learned all that happened to her later on.

IV.

There was a side entrance from the garden. Phoebe slipped in by it, and ran up to her bed-room. She was always rapid in her movements, and this evening she laid aside her wraps even more quickly than usual. Mr. Henshaw had only begun to help his guest to supper when she went into the dining-room.

Henshaw shook his head at her. He was a little afraid of his stepdaughter; proud of the refinement which her stay had brought to his housekeeping arrangements; he was also conscious that he had said



"I must introduce you to Miss Henshaw, Mr. Broughton."

She spoke very gravely, but I saw a naughty little smile curving the corners of those mutinous red lips.

She sighed with impatience.

"Please don't scold me—you never have; but then I never did anything like this before. Well, it's entirely my father's fault."

"I want to hear about you, not about your father."

"You dear! But about this the two are inseparable. Father came in, and said he wanted me in his office. Do you know it?—a horrid little room, with a desk and a stool and one chair! He told me to sit down. Then he said:

"Look here, child, I think it is likely that Mr. Broughton may before long make you an offer of marriage. If this happens, I wish you to accept him."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," I said.

more to her than was prudent, if he meant her to marry Mr. Broughton.

Phoebe took no notice of him till she had greeted the visitor, at whom she smiled in friendly fashion. Then she said carelessly—

"Sorry I'm late, father, but I had business with Mrs. Harte."

At the word "business" Henshaw and his visitor smiled at one another.

"You're, one may say, gone on that parson's wife?" Henshaw winked at Michael Broughton. "I'll be bound 'twas a question of some new finery or a bit of new gossip?"

Phoebe drew herself up, but Mr. Broughton came to her help.

"If you'll excuse me, I don't think Mrs. Harte a gossip; I fancy she discourages that kind of thing."

"Ah, indeed—er—she seems a quiet sort of person—does her dooty, no doubt; but women, the best of them, will talk; they all chatter, more's the pity."

"Why shouldn't women talk, father? They have tongues, so they must be meant to use them; men talk enough, I'm sure, and they are not always as amusing as we are," she added saucily. "I love Mrs. Harte dearly; she is ever so good to me; she never snubs." She looked at Henshaw, but Broughton reddened: he thought she was talking at him.

"It's perhaps a good thing she has not a family," he said dryly; "she might have spoiled her children."

Phoebe looked at him with scornful pity.

"I don't think love spoils anyone; *spoiling* is done by snubbing someone who does not deserve it."

"That may be true, if the person is angelic."

"Don't you think women are almost all angels?" she said sweetly.

Henshaw thought it was time to put in his oar.

"Tryphena Wood ain't an angel, I'm sure."

Phoebe looked at him with raised eyebrows, and he subsided.

"Of course I talk of people I understand—I mean girls." She looked defiantly at Broughton.

He was charmed; his eyes met hers so full of warm admiration that she was silenced. Her eyelids drooped; to her surprise she could not find any more saucy words. It seemed to her time to rise, and she left the table. Broughton followed her into the parlour; he went to a window, and looked out over the now moonlit garden.

Phoebe sat down on the cushioned seat below the other window.

Broughton turned and stood looking at her; he presently went up to her.

"You seem to like people who are kind to you," he said at last.

"Naturally, who doesn't?"

"I mean—" his voice sounded forced; she thought there was a new tone in it, and she wished her stepfather would join them—"I—I mean I wish you would give me the chance of being kind to you."

Phoebe could not tell why she felt so unusually nervous; she took refuge in a laugh.

"Thank you very much; you are quite kind enough."

She glanced at him; he seemed angry, and he again looked out of the window.

"Mr. Henshaw is smoking out there"—he spoke in his old brusque way—"I'll say good-evening, Miss Newnham, and join him."

"What a dreadfully ill-tempered fellow!" Phoebe said to herself; "he runs away just when the talk is growing interesting."

V.

A few days later Phoebe went up to the Camp; she had some idea of sketching, and she wanted to see the view in its fresh autumn livery. She seated herself on a thyme-

covered hillock, so delighted with the rich colour before her that she wished she had brought her sketch-book and colour-box. As she thought this, she heard footsteps coming up from the waste. A man came out from under the oak-trees, and she recognised Michael Broughton.

"Good-day, Miss Newnham. I am fortunate; I was on my way to the Rectory. I did not expect such a pleasant interruption."

To Phoebe's dismay, he seated himself beside her.

"I am going home," she said carelessly, "to fetch my sketching things."

"Please stay a moment; I want to say a few words to you."

The bright glow faded from her face. He went on, and she seemed forced to listen.

"I won't keep you long. Please do not be alarmed. I must ask you a question; I have Mr. Henshaw's sanction for what I say."

"Mr. Henshaw's sanction! I don't understand."

The flash in her great dark eyes surprised him. It was not the startled expression which he always thought so

nodding to the discomfited man, she went quickly down the hill.

"Confound all girls!" Broughton muttered, and pursued his way to the Rectory.

When he had had a talk with Raymond, my husband brought him in to see me; I thought Mr. Broughton looked glum.

After a little conversation I asked him if he had read a story just then very popular.

"A novel? No, it would be sheer waste of time."

"And yet you have not any sisters. A very gifted man once told me that he had learned a great deal about a woman's heart from a novel."

Mr. Broughton leaned back in his chair; he looked amused.

"I'm sorry I can't agree with you. If a reasonable man can't understand a girl's meaning, I fancy she's silly—not worth the thought he, like a fool, has spent on her. Depend upon it, there's nothing in her."

His tone was so vexed that I guessed what had happened. I looked at my husband.

"I'm afraid I agree with Mrs. Harte," Raymond said, laughing. "As you haven't a sister, and object to novels, you must find it difficult to—get on with girls. Why don't you study that great seer into the female heart, Shakspere?"

Broughton looked suspicious.

"You too, Rector? Well, I must be going. Mrs. Harte, if you hear of anyone seeking a furnished house at Saybourne, will you please remember that, if I can find a tenant, I think of leaving the Friary when my year's tenancy expires, or at Michaelmas."

He departed; we looked at each other and laughed.

VI.

Phoebe went to town to stay with her aunt. She came back at the end of a few weeks, looking more fascinating than ever in her new furs. She had intended to come and see me on her arrival, but as she walked from the station, she glanced up the village and caught sight of Michael Broughton standing at the doctor's gate. Bright colour flamed on her cheeks, and she instantly turned back, and hurried along the road to the Mill.

Harry, the smith, came out to bid her welcome home. "You are a sight for sore eyes, Miss. You do look bonny."

Phoebe was obliged to smile, though she was biting her lips with impatience. She was almost sure she heard the determined footsteps she so well knew close behind her. Before she reached the honeysuckle porch of the Mill, Michael Broughton overtook her. He took her hand and pressed it. "You had my letter?" he said.

Phoebe tried to wriggle her hand away from his strong fingers; but he held it too tightly clasped. With the other hand he pushed open the door and led her into the house, and to her parlour.

"I wrote because it was the only way to get a hearing," he said passionately. "Phoebe, I have no words to tell you how I love you—how miserable I must ever be if you refuse what I ask!"

Phoebe was blushing, so confused that she could not raise her eyes.

"You darling!" pressing her hand in both his own, "give me only half a crumb of hope; say you will try to like me—only try, my darling!"

His agitation made his voice almost indistinct.

"Please let go my hands," she laughed. "A compulsory promise is not binding, you know."

She heard a sigh, and her heart smote her. Had she not longed to see him ever since she read his letter? She stood silent now—her usual ready speech had fled.

He loosed her hands, and the spell broke. She took his right hand between hers, and looked up at him.

"Will that do for an answer?" she said shyly.

THE END.

OUR ROYAL VISITOR: HIS MAJESTY MUZAFFER-ED-DIN, SHAH OF PERSIA.

A Sketch from Life, taken by M. Sabattier.

SEE "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."

charming; this was a look of unmistakable anger. She had risen as she spoke, and turned away.

"Phoebe, stop!" he said hoarsely. "You know that I care for you—you must have seen it. Will you not say that my liking is returned? I hope you will." He went close to her; he took her little hand firmly in his.

Phoebe laughed nervously; then she flung his hand away as if it were a ball.

"Hope has deceived you, Mr. Broughton. You don't really care for me; I've not given you reason to care for me, and—*and we're always quarrelling*."

She looked at him out of wide-open, astonished eyes.

Michael Broughton became nervous.

"I believe"—he hesitated—"I know Mr. Henshaw consents; he—he, in fact, he referred me to you for my answer. He said he'd spoken to you."

"Indeed! I'm sorry, but you do not understand me; I think you don't understand girls." The red-brown face looked still darker. "Do you suppose any girl will let anyone else choose for her? What can Mr. Henshaw know about my inclinations?"

She laughed out merrily; the idea was so absurd. Then,

THE SHAH'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

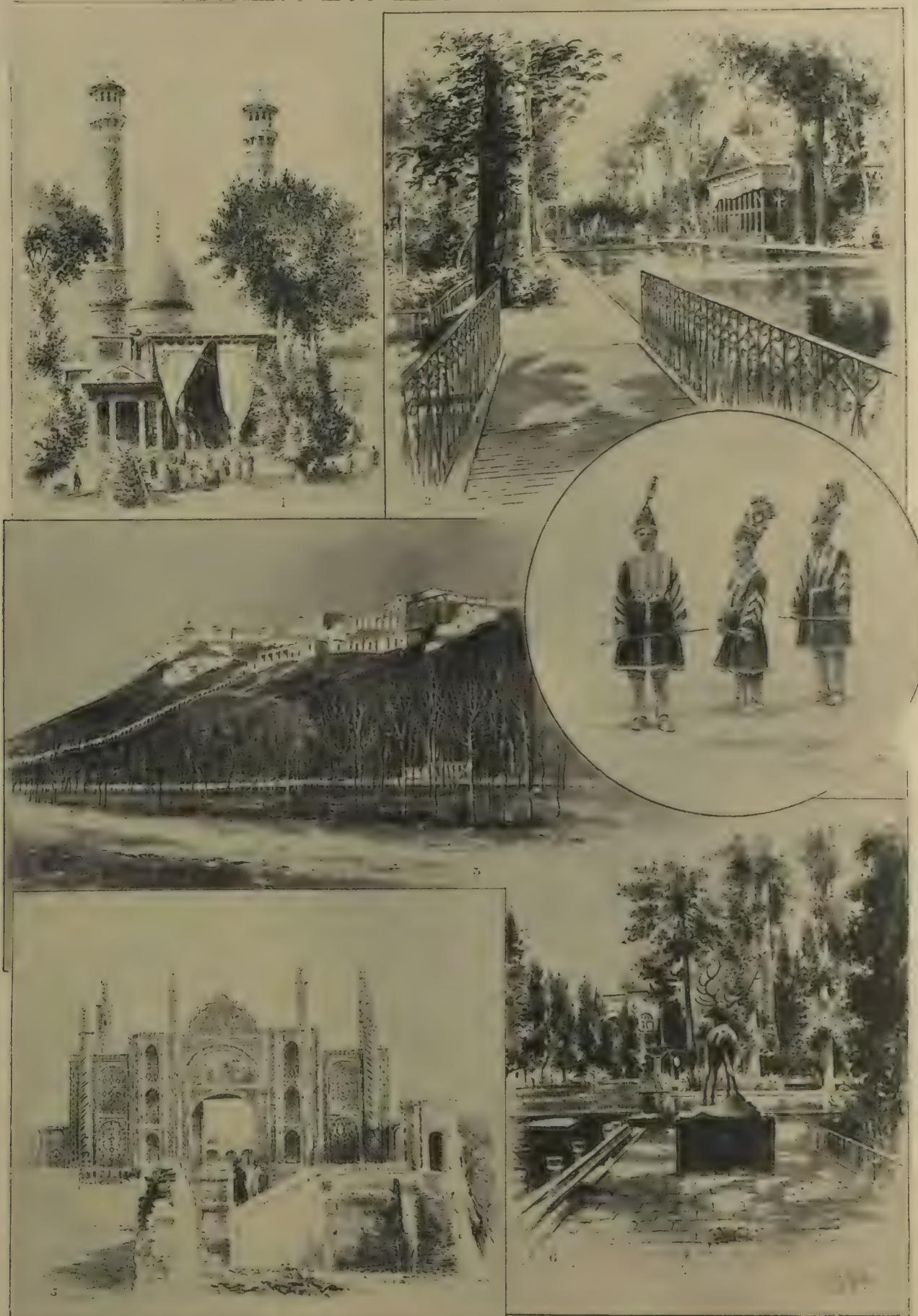


THE SHAH ON HIS TRAVELS.



THE SHAH'S TRAVELLING EQUIPAGE.

THE SHAH'S VISIT: SCENES IN TEHERAN, THE PERSIAN CAPITAL

From Photographs by Mr. John Horne.

1. Mosque near Teheran where the last Shah was murdered.
2. In the Palace Gardens, Teheran.

3. One of the Shah's Country-Houses, about eight miles from Teheran.
4. The Shah's Runners in State Costume.

5. Northern Gateway of Teheran, decorated with coloured Tiles.
6. In the Grounds of the Shah's Palace.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: SCENES AT TAKU AND PEKING.



TAKU HOTEL AND STORE, AT PRESENT USED AS A HOSPITAL.



GENERAL VIEW OF TAKU, SHOWING MOUTH OF THE RIVER PEI-HO AND NORTH FORT WITH FOREIGN PILOTS' HOUSES.

Taku, meaning "Great Fort," is situated at the mouth of the Pei-ho (North) River, and is distant from Tientsin about fifty miles by river, thirty by rail. The railway terminus is Tongku, on the opposite bank; the width of river hereabouts is less than half a mile. The native village consists merely of a collection of hovels of mud mixed with finely chopped straw. Oiled paper pasted on lattice-work takes the place of glass in the windows. Drainage is quite out of the question, and during the heat of summer the effluvia is absolutely unbearable. Summer heat frequently reaches 112 degrees (Fahrenheit) in the shade. One main thoroughfare runs through the village, and is the only approach to anything in the nature of a street. About one and a half miles east of this is a settlement consisting of a mere handful of British, Americans, and Germans, who carry on the occupation of pilots. The navigation of the Pei-ho and the Gulf of Pechili is entirely in their hands. Like the native huts, the

European houses are built of mud, but on a more elaborate scale, being fitted with verandahs. These dwellings are very cool during the summer, and correspondingly warm during the very severe winter, which lasts from about the second or third week of November until the breaking-up of the ice, usually at the beginning of March.

The photograph of the hotel is of interest at the present juncture, for this building is now used as a hospital for the allied troops. Undoubtedly the most trying drawback to the troops will be the want of pure water. The only water obtainable is drawn from the river, placed in a large earthenware vessel some three feet high (called a *cangue*), and allowed to settle. It is then drained off, and subjected to boiling and filtration. When drawn from the river it is of the consistency and colour of pea-soup. Our photograph of Taku looking towards the North Fort was taken by a member of the French Syndicate. The open square in the foreground was originally the old fort.



VIEW OF TAKU FROM THE RIVER.



LEGATION STREET, PEKING.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A.



A CHINESE NATIONAL INSTITUTION: THE TEA-SHOP.



DIFFICULTIES OF THE MARCH TO PEKING: THE OVERLAND ROUTE BETWEEN TIENSIN AND THE CAPITAL IN THE RAINY SEASON.

The country between Peking and Tientsin to be overcome by the Allied forces on their intended advance upon the capital is at this time of the year a stretch of quagmire and mud. No traveller who has made the experience of a Peking cart will ever desire to repeat the experiment. There is no such thing as a road, as we understand it. It goes anywhere and everywhere, and is only used by the inhabitants for travel between town and town for local traffic. The water-way, by canal and river, is the usual mode of travel. The ancestral tombs are scattered all over the country, and arches erected to the memory of great men dot the landscape. All sorts of carts, beasts of burden, and foot-travellers are the adjuncts to the scene. Note the houses of the two foremost figures, who is clothed in a waterproof of oiled straw. Literally he is a "thatched man."



NAGASAKI, WHICH THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT HAS PERMITTED THE UNITED STATES TO USE AS A MILITARY BASE.



CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS: PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS TO THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, LORD ROSEBERY, AND OTHERS, AT THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, ON JULY 26.



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Photographed from the Picture by Th. Wundt.

ON THE MATTERHORN.

During the past week fatal accidents to mountaineers have occurred on the Matterhorn, the Weisshorn, and the Petersgrat.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Pictures of the Old French Court. By Catherine Bearne. (London: F. Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

Cycling in the Alps. By C. L. Freeston. (London: Grant Richards.)

Snow in the Alps. By Clement Scott. (London: Greening. 1s. 6d.)

For Right and England. By Hume Nisbet. (London: White. 6s.)

The Vanishing of Tera. By Fergus Hume. (London: White. 6s.)

The Wonderful Career of Ebenezer Lobb. By Allan Upward. (London: Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

The Voice of the People. By Ellen Glasgow. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)

A Book of Dartmoor. By S. Baring-Gould. (London: Methuen. 6s.)

In "Pictures of the Old French Court" the lady to whom the world already owes a charming volume entitled "Life and Times of the Early Valois Queens" continues her historical studies into the reigns and Courts of three

volume in smaller compass, give us route maps and "contours," such as Mr. Harry Inglis has given us for England and Scotland, and also prepare half-a-dozen itineraries, "Cycling in the Alps" would be more valuable.

Mr. Clement Scott's first-night impressions of Hamlet in the persons of Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Forbes Robertson, and Madame Bernhardt have been exhausted from newspaper files by Mr. Arthur Greening. They are not examples of acute criticism; but they hit off the distinctive characteristics of the various Hamlets with some felicity. It is more than a quarter of a century since Henry Irving first played Hamlet, and the playgoers who are not old enough to recall that impersonation will get a mental picture of it from Mr. Scott's description. They will also make the acquaintance of Mr. Scott's emotional condition when he wrote the article. No dramatic reporter has ever excelled him in the art of reproducing the high-strung expectations of an audience, the whole atmosphere that makes a first night such a delirious joy to the front row of the pit. So we read how "Mr. Irving's admirers instinctively felt that his Hamlet would be the true one. They did not argue and discuss as Germans do; they did not gesticulate and prate like Frenchmen; but, like sturdy, honest Englishmen, resolute in their convictions, they crowded to the doors of the Lyceum at half-past three in the afternoon, prepared to struggle for a performance which would not close before midnight." That may not be criticism, but it is palpitating history.

Although Mr. W. T. Stead has not written another pamphlet, entitled "Shall I let my Brother Boer slay me?" yet if he reads "For Right and England" and takes it seriously, as Mr. Nisbet seems to intend that it should be taken, he may still do so. Cast in the mould of romance, Mr. Nisbet's book is nothing less than a violent diatribe against the Boers in general and Paul Kruger in particular; and it gives the impression of verisimilitude. Mr. Nisbet in his youth has obviously taken to heart the copybook maxims of the pen and sword, and is doing his best to inflame the primitive passions of his readers. As he has overshot the mark he will probably accomplish less than he imagines. Specific and categorical charges are permissible and have their place, but when a writer condescends to whole pages of vituperation against an old man—albeit an enemy—one feels that common courtesy might have taught him better. Even the devil, it is said, is scarcely so black as he is painted; yet Mr. Nisbet contends that his portrait of Mr. Kruger is weak and inadequate because he "had no colours lurid enough to depict properly this incarnation." Mr. Nisbet's whole object—as set forth by himself—was to prove that this present war is waged in a just and righteous cause; by this time he probably

does not need to be informed that England, as a whole, was thoroughly convinced of that without his aid. Cranks there are, of course, but even Mr. Nisbet can scarcely hope to convince a crank. He is more likely to make pro-Boers, so contradictory is human nature. But we will deal more gently with him than he has dealt with "Oom Paul," and credit him with good intentions.

In "The Vanishing of Tera" probabilities are dispensed with at the outset, and the writer lets his imagination run riot, carrying the reader with him: the success of his book is dependent on his ability to do this. When, at the outset, it is revealed to us that two sane Englishmen—one of whom is an ex-missionary—are both madly in love with a beautiful Polynesian maiden resident in an English village, we are not staggered—only very sorry for them: for Tera, a nominal convert, is very much a savage at heart. That she should disappear with pearls valued at £3000, and that her body should subsequently be discovered in a cornfield, is natural enough in a story by the author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab." Thus half-a-dozen people—among them the ex-missionary, who is known to be in debt—are in turn; suspected of the foul deed, and, in turn, cleared of suspicion. However, the sixth (or seventh; we did not count) is in a very tight place, when Tera, alive and well, walks into the court-house. We hope that Mr. Fergus Hume will believe us when we state that we had confidently expected her at least a quarter of an hour earlier. Thus it becomes obvious that somebody else has been murdered, and the whole thing, with complications, begins over again. Only at the very last page is the reader's mind finally set at rest.

Ebenezer Lobb is evidently designed by Mr. Upward as a farcical humbug, whose views coincide with Mr. Upward's pet aversions, such as the "Nonconformist conscience" and the total-abstinence crusade. Dickens excelled in this vein of social satire because he was a man of genius, and could make the wildest exaggeration amusing. After three hundred pages of Mr. Upward's farce, we are unable to recognise in him a humorist of the first order. The real cleverness of this book lies in the twenty pages entitled "Appendix: Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Ebenezer Lobb." Here we find an excellent burlesque of the trial scene in "The Merchant of Venice." This shows that Mr. Upward has a very pretty gift for the kind of parody which is really effective criticism. But why ascribe this performance to Mr. Jobb, who could not possibly have written it? There must be consistency even in farce. Mr. Lobb of the "Appendix" is not the Mr. Lobb who sets forth his adventures in a style of rather antiquated fooling.

"The Voice of the People" is a story of modern Virginia, its farmers, its aristocracy, and its emancipated negroes. The hero of the book, Nicholas Burr, is the son

of a small farmer, enters public life in the politics of his State, becomes Governor of Richmond, and is known to the readers of newspapers as "The Man with a Conscience." His first appeal to popular sympathies is made by his defence of a political opponent against a groundless charge. He would probably have been elected Senator, but for his interference with a lynching party who attack a jail. Lynching is a burning question in the South, and Miss Glasgow makes her hero sacrifice his life to save a negro from premature and non-judicial hanging. He is shot by the lynchers at the door of the jail, and the popular judgment is epitomised in the comment of the sheriff: "He died to save a brute." You feel that it was a praiseworthy action, and that the author wishes her American readers to appreciate the nobility of a life that is given for the vindication of law. By English readers the sacrifice will not be appreciated so much, for there is nothing in their experience to make such an issue real and vital. The chief merit of the book lies in the pleasant sketches of character in the earlier pages. We prefer Miss Glasgow's boys and girls to her men and women. Nick Burr is much more interesting as the lad who wants to be a judge, and pores over Sir Henry Maine without understanding a word, than as the successful politician and the "man with a conscience."

We can conceive of several ways of writing a book of Dartmoor, and Mr. Baring-Gould's is neither the most ambitious nor the most instructive. He does not seek by delicate and suggestive writing to give back to the reader the atmosphere and impression—the "feel"—of the region which, as he says, he loves best in the world; nor is his particular treatment of it so exhaustive as might be expected from one who knows it as thoroughly as he loves it passionately. So much we must note in order to indicate the scope of this volume, not to find fault with it. The truth is that Mr. Baring-Gould has written a dozen books about Dartmoor, and upon the stores of his knowledge and memories he has drawn for one more—a pleasant gossiping account of the moor, and of its antiquities as interpreted by up-to-date archeologists, with suggestions for rambles on and near it. He is never happier than when recalling the days before modern ideas had penetrated to Dartmoor. At Chagford then, for example, the clerk, who also led the orchestra, gave out the psalm from his seat under the reading-desk, marched slowly down the nave, *whistling* the tune as he went, and ascended to the gallery with leisure to begin the performance. With modern ideas, we suppose, have come in the trippers, whom our author is "greatly down upon"—and not, as he shows, without reason. In boiling their kettles they burned down a portion of Wistman's Wood, and they have harried the Yealm valley of its rare ferns. In fact, what with "cherry-bangs" and convicts, the glories of Dartmoor are



BOURGES.

Reproduced from "Pictures of the Old French Court," by Permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

notable women sovereigns, Jeanne de Bourbon, Isabeau de Bavière, and Anne de Bretagne—to keep, as has done Miss Bearne, to French spelling. The book, which contains a number of charming illustrations taken from various sources, is full of curious accounts of medieval Court life and manners, and the close connection then existent between France, England, and Italy becomes very apparent, the very quarrels and frequent wars which went on incessantly between the two former countries leading to constant interchange of ideas and even of tongues. The writer has made great use of old chronicles, histories, and letters, and the book contains some good stories. Notwithstanding the great Revolution, many of the older French provincial towns are still curiously mediæval, and this is particularly true of Bourges, of whose siege (1412) a spirited word-picture, as well as a charming sketch, is given. During the eventful years described in this book the history of France was more or less the history of England. A daughter of Isabeau de Bavière was wife of Henry V., and his English Majesty was quite contented to have the wedding celebrated at Troyes, and afterwards to spend a portion of the winter, including Christmas, in Paris with his mother-in-law, while their child, destined to become the unhappy Henry VI., was at his birth regarded as the future King of both England and France. Those who lament latter-day extravagance, especially as regards feminine habiliments, will find much to enlighten them in this book. No royal bride of modern days would wear a wedding dress of which the cost was over five thousand pounds; and yet this was the value of the garment in which Anne of Brittany was led to the altar by Charles VIII.

Guide-books to mountaineering in the Alps are without number. But more people who go to Switzerland nowadays cycle than mountaineer, and it is well we should have a practical guide to some of the Alpine passes that may be ridden a-wheel. Mr. Freeston's little book will send many cyclists, who go roving abroad for their holidays, to try their muscles in hill-climbing among the Alps. Of course there are thousands of cyclists who have "done" some of the steepest passes, and we have had delightful and breezy descriptions by Mr. Joseph Pennell, Mr. R. J. Meerey, and others. The chief merit of Mr. Freeston's book, however, is its conscientiousness. His object is to show that the ordinary cyclist, who hitherto has had rather a terror of mountains, may have the best of all times in the Alps, and that there is really no danger for a cautious rider with a well-braked wheel. The author has practical knowledge of the proper care of a bicycle, and the chapter entitled "Purely Mechanical" is interesting. There are many really good illustrations by Mr. A. R. Quinton, and they afford a capital idea of what is in store for the Alpine cyclist. But cycling tourists to Switzerland want a book they can carry in their bag, and "Cycling in the Alps" is hardly suitable for that. If Mr. Freeston would, in subsequent editions, print the



LOWER TARR.

Reproduced from "A Book of Dartmoor," by Permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.

to be enjoyed only after much endurance. But the intelligent rambler will find in Mr. Baring-Gould a protector from some of these evils. He will be warned off Haws and Dendles on Plymouth early closing day (Wednesday) in summer. The value of "A Book of Dartmoor," as a companion and guide, is enhanced by the excellent illustrations, one of which we reproduce.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

South Africa: Its History, Heroes, and Wars. Professor Mackenzie and Alfred Stead. (Horace Marshall. 6s.)

European Settlements in the Far East. (Simpson Low.)

China, the Long-Dread Empire. Eliza R. Seidmore. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.)

Sir Stamford Raffles. Hugh E. Egerton. Builders of Great Britain Series. (Fisher Unwin. 5s.)

Falstaff, Old and New. Charles James Foy. (Leigh's Hall Press. £3 3s.)

Principles of Chess. James Mason. Third Edition. (Horace Cox. 2s. 6d.)

The Banker and the Barr. H. K. Webster. (Macmillan. 6s.)

The Son of Atalanta. Roy Horniman. (John Macrae. 6s.)

The Book of the Algonquins. John Bickerdyke. (Capehill Gill. 5s. 6d.)

Fitz-James. Lillian Street. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

The Miseries. B. L. Farjeon. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

The Late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.



Photo, Russell, Baker Street.

H.R.H. PRINCE ALFRED ERNEST ALBERT, DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.
Born at Windsor, Aug. 6, 1841; Died at Rosenau, July 30, 1900.

THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

The sympathy, not only of the English-speaking race but of the whole world, has gone out to Queen Victoria who, in the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, loses for the third time by death a much-loved child, and one who, notwithstanding the fact that he died as Sovereign of a minor German State, was for many years of his life third in the line of the British throne.

The second and fourth child of Prince Albert and Queen Victoria was born at Windsor on Aug. 6, 1844. Just at the time of his death the late Duke was still alive, at the eve of celebrating his fifty-sixth birthday. He was christened just a month after his birth, in the private chapel of Windsor Castle, and among his godfathers and godmothers were the present Duke of Cambridge and his father's brother-in-law, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who was represented by the Duchess of Kent. His title at birth was given the name of Alfred Ernest Albert, and his position as heir-presumptive to the Crown (for till the birth of the Duke of Clarence Prince Alfred occupied that position) made his education a matter of the deepest importance. He seems, however, to have early made up his mind to be a sailor, and when he was twelve years old

the Navy far more than he had done his elevation to the peerage as Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Ulster, and Earl of Kent. It was in the June of 1866 that he took his seat in the House of Lords, on the same day

Church. The latter service was celebrated by the late Dean of Westminster, Dr. Stanley, who had long been on terms of private friendship with the bridegroom. After a short honeymoon spent in the wonderful summer palace of Tsarskoo Selo, the newly married couple left for England, and on March 12 their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by the Queen, made a public entry into London. Though the Duchess paid frequent visits to her parents, she and the Duke spent the first few years of their married life between Clarence House and Eastwell Park, although the Duke at no time gave up his active connection with the Navy—indeed, he commanded the *Sultan* from 1876 to 1878, the following year becoming Admiral-Superintendent of Naval Reserves.

The late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha often said that the happiest years of his life had been those during which his permanent home was at Eastwell Park. There he, his clever and cultivated Duchess, and their elder children lived much the same kind of existence as that led by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham. They were both devoted to their only son and pretty young daughters, and when the Duke was given the command of the



PRINCE ALFRED AS A LIEUTENANT

he was provided with a separate establishment, and put under the care of Lieutenant (later Sir John) Cowell, a young officer of Engineers who had distinguished himself in the Crimea, and who at the time he became the guide, philosopher, and friend of the future sailor-Prince was only three-and-twenty.

In the following year, that is, in 1857, Prince Alfred carried on his naval studies at Alverbank, a pretty house situated just opposite the Isle of Wight; and it was while there that he passed with brilliant success his naval examination. In the Queen's private diary her Majesty puts on record that Prince Alfred met her and Prince Albert as they landed at their private pier off Osborne "in his middy's jacket, cap, and dirk, half blushing, and looking very happy." The fact that his son had solved the mathematical problems almost all without a fault, and that he had done the translations set him without a dictionary, highly delighted Prince Albert; and soon after the latter and the Prince of Wales accompanied the sailor-Prince to Spithead and saw the *Euryalus* start, with him on board, for the Mediterranean station.

During the years which followed, Prince Alfred was constantly on the sea. It was in 1860, while serving as a naval cadet on the *Euryalus*, a screw steam-frigate of fifty-one guns, that he paid a memorable visit to South Africa, where, accompanied by Sir George Grey, he toured from Cape Town to Natal overland, being heartily welcomed wherever he went. Sir George Grey, writing to a private friend, observed: "He is a noble fellow, full of life and fun." On Sept. 17 of the same year the Prince laid the first stone, or, rather, tilted into the sea the wagon-load of stones, which went to form the breakwater in Table Bay.

The fact that he was absent from his father's death-bed remained to the end of his life an abiding sorrow, the more so that during the years that succeeded that sad event he was compelled to be frequently absent from the Queen; but he showed his deep affection for his native country by refusing (in the year 1862) to become King of Greece, although he had been formally elected to that important position on the abdication of King Otho.

Prince Alfred's first independent command was that of the *Gaulard* in 1867, and we may be sure that he valued his new position in



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN EARLY MANHOOD.

Photograph by Johnstone, O'Shannessy and Co.

receiving the Freedom of the City of London. It is interesting to note that in that year also he was elected Master of Trinity House.

The late Duke was the only one of the Queen's children who ever visited the Australian Colonies. It was while he was in New South Wales, in the spring of 1868, that an Irishman named O'Farrell fired at him with a pistol, wounding him slightly in the back. The Colonial Government, showing a firmness which undoubtedly had the result of checking this type of outrage in Australia, carried out the death sentence on the would-be assassin. The Duke, still in command of the *Galatea*, during the same year visited India, China, and Japan.

The Duke of Edinburgh was nine-and-twenty when his engagement to the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia was publicly announced. Great Britain's sailor-Prince met the only daughter of the then Emperor of Russia at the Castle of Juzenstadt, near Darmstadt; and there are some tender remarks concerning the happiness of the young couple in the published letters of Princess Alice.

The wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh was celebrated amid a scene of extraordinary splendour at St. Petersburg in the January of 1874. There was a double ceremony, one being according to the rites of the Greek Church, and the other according to the rites of the English



PRINCE ALFRED AS A MIDSHIPMAN.

Mediterranean Fleet the Duchess and their children spent each winter in Malta, returning during the summer months to their beloved Eastwell Park. It was in Malta that the second daughter, Princess Victoria Melita, had been born in 1876.

Although the Duke of Edinburgh was for many years known to be heir to his uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, he continued to lead the busy, energetic existence of an Admiral of the British Fleet till the moment came for him to take over the duties of sovereignty. After being Commander of the Mediterranean Fleet he had accepted the Devonport command, and he only resigned the latter on the death of his uncle, which occurred just seven years ago.

On succeeding to the Duchy, the Duke voluntarily gave up the annuity of £15,000 a year conferred on him shortly after he came of age; the annuity voted on his marriage—that is, £10,000 a year—he retained, together with Clarence House, St. James's, to which charming royal residence he remained deeply attached.

As was to be expected in his father's son, the late Duke took his duties as Sovereign very seriously; and nowhere will he be more sincerely mourned than in Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, for he, the Duchess, and their children greatly endeared themselves to the inhabitants of the Duchy, the more so that their Sovereign never allowed his love of England to interfere with his duty to them. At or near Coburg he spent at least ten months out of every year, his favourite among many beautiful royal residences being the pretty little Castle of Rosenau, where he passed away. But his deep love for what remained, after all, "home" to him was shown by the significant fact that he desired in his will that his body should be brought to Windsor for interment.

The Duke and Duchess celebrated their silver wedding in the January of 1890; but their only son was even then sick unto death, and his premature demise, which followed with tragic quickness on the silver-wedding festivities, undoubtedly contributed to the late Duke's breakdown in health. He took, however, a kindly interest in his heir, the young Duke of Albany, who now succeeds his uncle as reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, though during his minority the actual government of the Duchy will be carried on by his guardian, the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg.



PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE ALFRED, AGED EIGHT AND FIVE YEARS.

THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.



Photo, Dowery

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA AND THE LATE EMPEROR
ALEXANDER II. OF RUSSIA.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND HIS SON, THE LATE PRINCE ALFRED.

Spec. Photo, Dowery



Photo, Dowery

THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AND THE LATE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

THE LATE DUKE OF Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.



GENERAL VIEW OF COBURG.



THE NEW DUKE, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF ALBANY.



ENTRANCE GATE TO THE CASTLE OF COBURG.



THE DUKE'S LONDON RESIDENCE, CLARENCE HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S.



THE CASTLE OF COBURG, NOW USED AS A MUSEUM.



THE PRINCE OF HOHENLOHE-LANGENBURG, REGENT OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

SCENES OF THE MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS IN NORTHERN CHINA.



CLIFF VILLAGE, SHANXI PROVINCE.

MARBLE BRIDGE, OLD IMPERIAL PALACE, PAO-TING-FU.

RIVER LOCK, PAO-TING-FU.

GATE AND BRIDGE, PAO-TING-FU.

SUMMER HOUSE AND LOTUS POND, OLD IMPERIAL PALACE, PAO-TING-FU.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: INDIAN AND AMERICAN TROOPS FOR THE FAR EAST.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GARTSIDE-TIPPING AND OFFICERS OF THE 1ST (DUKE OF YORK'S OWN) BENGAL LANCERS ON THE EVE OF THE
DEPARTURE OF THE REGIMENT FROM LUCKNOW FOR CHINA.

Photograph by Mr. F. H. Brown, "Indian Daily Telegraph."



"A" COMPANY UNITED STATES MARINES, WHO HAVE JUST LEFT MANILA FOR CHINA.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS FOR SERVICE IN THE FAR EAST.

Photographs by Zawier and Labisch.



OFFICERS OF THE EAST ASIATIC INFANTRY: THE INSPECTING OFFICER
DELIVERING HIS CRITIQUE.



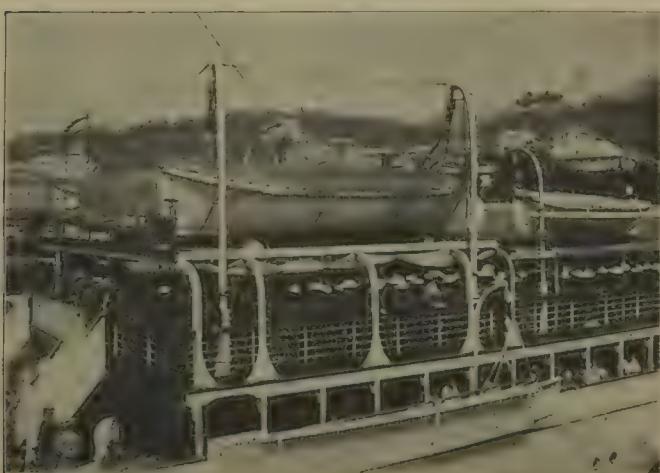
THE EAST ASIATIC CAVALRY ON PARADE.



THE EAST ASIATIC INFANTRY AT DRILL.



EAST ASIATIC TROOPERS SCOUTING.



ON BOARD.



OFFICERS OF THE EAST ASIATIC CAVALRY.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

There are throughout the length and breadth of Paris a few drinking-fountains, erected long ago by the late Sir Richard Wallace, whose memory is still respected by those who are not entirely untutored and who have read and heard of his magnificent benevolence during the siege of the capital. But they and others have never been able to grasp the principle that prompted the erection of those fountains. They may have been told of the "teetotal" movement both in England and in America, but, unless they have resided for any length of time in either of these two countries, they fail to see the necessity for it, and even then they deny there being the least need for introducing it among themselves. This is probably the reason of the restricted number of said fountains; for, philanthropic though Sir Richard was, he declined to waste his money on white elephants, and the drinking-fountain in Paris in ordinary times is nothing more. In spite of Zola's "Assommoir," in spite of Maxime du Camp's harrowing statistics about the ravages caused by absinthe, the proportion of confirmed drunkards in any French community is not only abnormally, but phenomenally small; and the proportion of habitual tippers is not much larger.

On the other hand, Frenchmen, and, least of all, Parisians, are not "water-drinkers" from conviction. My memory, a fairly good one, tells me of only one, Fagon, the physician of Louis XIV.; and, odd to relate, he had his counterpart in England at the Court of Charles II. in the person of Waller, the poet. A little less than a century afterwards, the Vicomte de Ségur wrote his amusing skit on "water-drinkers." I give it in the original for those who are curious in such matters, and I append a laconic translation for those who have escaped the ordeal of being compelled to think in two languages.

Quand Dieu nous le géne humain
Il va Noé dit naître,
Et dit, en lui donnant du vin:
"Voilà ce que doit boire un sage."
Buvons-en donc jusqu'au tombeau,
Car d'après l'arrêt d'un tel juge,
Tous les méchants sont buveurs d'eau;
C'est bien prouvé par le déluge.

(When God submersed the human race, he saved Noah from the week, and to him said, giving him wine, "This is what a sage should drink." So let us drink it till we die, for after the decision of such a judge, all the wicked are water-drinkers, which is proved by the Deluge). Long before that, Voltaire had given a word-painting of distress and wretchedness by describing most vividly a poor devil of a Parisian swilling water—and such water!—from a cracked beer-mug. We may take it, however, that in periods of exceptional drought the poor devil of a Parisian was glad to get drinkable water even from a cracked beer-mug, inasmuch as in normal days the quantity of water, drinkable or otherwise, from the wells, fountains, and various concessions was restricted to three pints per diem for each inhabitant.

This, at a rough calculation, happened a century and a half ago; and the Parisians appear to have been content with the supply both as regards quantity and quality. Of course, there were numberless water-carriers perambulating the city in all directions, and selling as much water as one liked to buy at two sols the pound—i.e. two pails containing thirty-six pints; but that fluid, if fluid it could be named, was taken indiscriminately from the Seine and from the condemned wells; and to judge what both these sources, but especially the former, were then, one must have been in Paris last week and seen the river below Paris under its quasi-improved conditions. Sixteen years ago I copied some extracts from the report of the Commission of the Inspection of the Seine, which report, it should be borne in mind, only dealt with the stream as far as the capital is concerned. The following is the list of the dead animals found in "the running road": 3029 dogs, 349 cats, 1960 rats, 191 fowls, 23 pieces of meat, 8 geese, 3 turkeys, 2 wild boars, 2 sheep, 1 goat, 1 pig, 1 calf, 1 monkey, and 8 fishes.

At the time there was an animated discussion, not unrelieved by wit, in the papers, with regard to the fishes. The writers wanted to know how they, the fishes, had come by their death, whether they had been drowned by cramp or from old age, or prematurely in consequence of a weak constitution. There does not prevail such uncertainty now. Last week shoals of dead fishes came to the surface of the river, and it is absolutely proved that they died from the pollution of the stream. There are always fewer cats than dogs found in the river. The enormous difference is due to the fact that, unlike the Chinese, the Parisians do not consider the dog an edible animal. It is too oily, and even that greatest of all culinary artists, the *traiteur* of the *barrière*, has not as yet found a means of disguising that flavour; while long ago he has been pronounced a past-master in the art of dishing up puss as bunny. Even the rat, if it can be secured, is not despised by him. I am unable to say what he does with it, but Labiche, the eminent dramatist, who was a frequent visitor to the riparian and outlying restaurants, averred that the rat did also duty as rabbit. "You go to the *barrière* for a jugged rabbit," he said to Renan on one occasion, "and you expect that you'll get cat; well, you don't get cat at all—you get rat."

We Londoners—like the invertebrate grumblers we are—have been making a stentorian outcry about our water. The Parisians are infinitely worse off, apart from their increased temperature, the thermometer having risen to 102 deg. Fahrenheit in the shade on three or four occasions. Yet the Parisians have not threatened to do this, that, and the other. It would, perhaps, be all the same if they had thus threatened, for a century and a half of remonstrance has made, comparatively speaking, very little difference. The heat and the vicissitudes of the water-supply were the only subjects worth chronicling last week. By the time this is in print, students from the four quarters of the globe will have arrived in Paris. The water-supply will make no difference to them.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.
A. W. DANIEL.—After 1. Kt to B 6th, what happens if Black play 1. Q to K 6th ch? N. G. DAVIS.—1. Kt takes Kt P ch, yields mate in two moves.

S. F. MATSON.—We cannot read your description. Send it on a diagram.

R. HOLLOW SWINTON.—Thanks for problem, but it is too simple.

MARTIN F.—Thanks, but there is nothing remarkable in the position. It is not one of Loyd's compositions.

G. WAGNER.—*Andover*.—(1) The first move is sufficient, and it is not necessary to indicate the weak defences in longer problems. (2) We have to consider the possibility of a mate in hand. (3) Any correct solutions that you can find are welcome.C. H. S.—*London*.—PROBLEM No. 2229 received from C. A. M. (Penang).

1. K to B 6th, mate in two moves. From E. H. Van Noorden (Cape Town), and C. A. M. (Penang).

2. N to B 2nd, mate in two moves. From Charles Field jun. (Arlon, Mass.) and George Devey (Vancouver, B.C., Canada).

3. M. D. B.—*Anaconda, Ontario*.—No. 2230 from T. Wetherell (Manchester), and George Evans (Blackpool).

4. N to B 2nd, mate in two moves. From C. A. M. (Penang).

5. N to B 2nd, mate in two moves. From C. A. M. (Penang).

6. N to B 2nd, mate in two moves. From C. A. M. (Penang).

7. N to B 2nd, mate in two moves. From C. A. M. (Penang).

8. N to B 2nd, mate in two moves. From C. A. M. (Penang).

9. N to B 2nd, mate in two moves. From C. A. M. (Penang).

10. N to B 2nd, mate in two moves. From C. A. M. (Penang).

11. N to B 2nd, mate in two moves. From C. A. M. (Penang).

12. N to B 2nd, mate in two moves. From C. A. M. (Penang).

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T H E N A V A L M A N O E U V R E S.

Sketched by Mr. S. J. S. Wright, for Special Artists, "The B.M." 1900.



"WAY THERE": MANNING A BOAT.

Between the boat and the bulwarks is placed a netting, up which the sailors scramble.

LADIES' PAGE.

London is now in that state absurdly described as "empty": a few millions of our ordinary townsfolk remain, it is true, but that is admittedly only because they cannot get away. The heat and closeness of the City streets have become insupportable, and a mention or memory of sea-breezes produces in the most hardened Londoner a feeling analogous to home-sickness, a wavy longing and hankering. It is the American visitors who keep London



A MODISH TRAVELLING-COSTUME.

West-End shops open at this season; and there seem to be even more of our over-sea cousins than usual here this season. "English as she is spoke" in the States is heard on every side; and Mr. McKinley's well-meant efforts at protecting his native milliners and dress-producers do not seem to have been very successful. Some goods, such as made-up coats and costumes, manufactured silver, and all leather goods, Americans are unanimous in stating are more advantageously purchased in London than anywhere else in the civilised world; and no one knows better than they, for as business people they are bent on getting the best value for their money. The great convention of "Christian Endeavourers" that has been held in London was attended, so they say, by fifteen thousand American and Canadian visitors, of whom four-fifths were of the female sex, as usual in religious matters. The practical-minded Americans are much given to these great meetings, at which the interest of seeing a new place and having a change of air and scene is combined with some sort of mental improvement. They have annually a great summer gathering on the banks of a lake in the State of New York, called Chautauqua, at which courses of lectures on all sorts of subjects are delivered, and picnics, evening dances, gymnasiums with skilled instructors, swimming, and social intercourse generally are provided for recreation and amusement. The lectures are often given by "celebrities" in their own way, whom the average citizen is interested in seeing and hearing; and arrangements are made that a course of study commenced by lectures during the summer stay at Chautauqua can be carried on at home by correspondence lessons through the following winter, with the prospect of another and more advanced course of instruction to follow the next summer. Astronomy, physiology, history, Biblical criticism and evidences, and other like subjects are included

in the courses. This "summer city" is chiefly built of wood, so that it takes no harm from standing empty during the winter; the charges are very moderate; and altogether it is a triumph of middle-class organisation, and a source of much interest to numbers of those women with intellectual tastes whose family claims and circumstances shut them up in a narrow circle in daily life. We have nothing to compare with it here, though some small efforts have been made to imitate it; the latest being at one of the Halls for women at Oxford. St. Hugh's, where a special course on English literature and language is being given this month and next for women visitors only, under the guidance of the Principal of the Hall, Mrs. Burch.

Mixed bathing seems to have conquered the prejudice that caused it to be forbidden in this country. A number of English watering-places have sanctioned the experiment, usually only at a certain part of their respective coasts. As so often happens in England, however, we are adopting Continental customs without the details that have always redeemed the circumstances in their place of origin. The Continental and American mixed bathing has invariably been accompanied by the most stringent regulations for the wear of full and decent dresses, "peignoirs" from shoulder to knee, by the men who mix with the ladies in the water. I hear that no such regulations are enforced in some towns here; but if mixed bathing is to continue in England, the same regulations must be equally as strictly enforced as they are abroad. The bathing-dresses of this season for ladies are being made for the most part with skirts reaching to the knees. Of course, this is fatal to swimming; and women who understand how to get the greatest possible advantage out of their sea-bathing content themselves with knickers and very short basques to the tunics, or combination garments all made in one piece, à la Princesse. The great advantage of mixed bathing is the opportunity that it affords for women learning to swim. Small boys have so many chances of learning this delightful and useful art that it is only the unenterprising of their sex who fail to acquire the power; but the chances of girls are much less numerous, and it is a great addition to them to have the possibility of being taught by father, brother, or husband in the seaside holiday period. Considering that the power to swim makes bathing healthful exercise instead of cold-catching and silly floundering about, and that it may some time save one's own life, or enable one to save that of others, it is worth while to make a serious effort to acquire the art. Serge of a light shade is the best bathing-dress material, all things considered, for mixed bathing. Red serge is very pretty in the sea, and can be decorated with a deep collar of white linen, or red-and-white striped thin flannel bordered with thick lace or edged with braid. Black serge is nice enough at first—it is more popular than anything else with Frenchwomen—but it soon looks rusty, from the sea-water; and navy blue is a perfect material from the point of view of utility, but less smart than the red combined with white.

Cowes Week promises to be almost as successful as usual. The best-dressed women wear workmanlike coats and skirts of fine serge during that week, but afternoon dresses on the Club lawn are often as smart as at a garden-party. An excellent gown in navy serge has a central vest of pleated white mouseline-de-soie, a line of red serge by way of waistcoat, revers to the blue coat also of red serge, decorated with two groups each of three tiny gold buttons. Made something like this, serge is smart. The ubiquitous foulard is one of the materials that will endure the sea air without resentment. Alpaca is another excellent sea-wearing fabric. Crêpe-de-chines, muslins that will not wash, and similar flimsy gowns are best left at home, for they are soon ruined. Flannels for dress wear are made very pretty now; soft colourings in pretty checks and other designs are procurable, and the surface is so soft-looking and smooth that it is altogether pleasant to look upon. Linen is an admirable material for a smart seaside toilette, and can be mingled with embroidered muslin, lace, or glacé silk, or it looks well strapped and stitched in self or contrasting colour. Gold

buttons are a time-honoured decoration for tailor-made seaside dresses, and are more than ever popular this year. Plaid is another item that "goes without saying"; a trimming of plaid on a plain gown of thin tweed or cloth, or revers of it to a coat, and so forth, will always meet criticism.

Plain and useful travelling-dresses form the subject of our illustrations to-day. The sac coat is in light cloth,



A SMART TRAVELLING-DRESS.

strapped and stitched, while the second shows a semi-fitting coat buttoned with loops, which continue partly down the side of the front, and further decorated with strappings and stitching.

Canvas is a very light material for travelling-hats. It is made in the sailor-shape, and trimmed only with a band of silk lightly twisted round the crown and tied into a bow, perhaps the lightest trimming that can be devised, and quite enough to redeem a sailor-shape from

the affliction bareness that its most ordinary guise displays. Another comfortable shape in which either canvas or soft straw can be obtained is that of the mushroom, which the Queen has for years patronised for wear in her drives. (By the way, her Majesty defied convention on her journey to the Isle of Wight the other day, and appeared clad entirely in white; she is made ill by excessive heat, and the saloon carriage was cooled with blocks of ice profusely placed about it.) A mushroom-hat should be piped with black velvet, and may also have a small bandage of velvet to tip it up slightly at the left side, making it less dowdy without abolishing its refreshings-hadness.

An entirely advisable form of millinery has been brought into our London streets by the recent extreme heat—namely, straw hats for horses. These have long been in vogue in the broiling heat of the cities of Southern France, but our English horses are only thus tamely introduced to the comfort, and still it is all too rare. The bus horse and his aristocratic brother in the barouche are still, for the most part, lacking the benefit; the tradesman's useful buck and the costermonger's shambles assistant are the chief beneficiaries at present. Let the merciful fashion be endorsed by the kinder-hearted and by the more prudent members of the upper classes!—*L'ILOME*.



TO THE QUEEN'S GUESTS OF JULY 11.

We have received a number of inquiries for a good Plate of our Supplement "The Queen's Garden Party at Buckingham Palace," and beg to inform those applicants and our readers in general that we shall be pleased to publish a fine Photogravure of the Picture in question, providing we obtain a certain number of orders. We should propose bringing it out in a similar size to the one now being published, "The Queen Listening to a Dispatch from the Front," and the price will be the same—namely, 10s. 6d. each. Artist's Proofs, £1 1s. each. The size would be about 30 in. by 20 in., including mount. Please address orders early to the Publisher, 198, Strand, W.C. Remittances should not be sent yet.



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It's an economical soap unexcelled for the bath, and for washing costly fabric; that's why it's

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HOME-COMING OF EARL DE LA WARR FROM SOUTH AFRICA: HIS LORDSHIP'S ARRIVAL AT THE MANOR HOUSE, BEXHILL.

Earl De La Warr, who recently returned from South Africa, was received with an enthusiastic reception on his arrival at the Manor House, Bexhill. On the evening of Thursday, July 26, a banquet was held in his honour at the Hôtel Métropole. Guests included the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Derby, and many others. Among the guests were Lord Brassey, Sir Joseph Remond, the Mayors of Hastings and Eastbourne, and others. The entire company numbered about one hundred and fifty. The chief feature of the evening was the presentation which the chairman made to Earl De La Warr—a handsome silver vase, from the inhabitants of Bexhill.

Guaranteed to Retain its
Splendid Appearance, and
Wear like Silver for
30 years.



Cut Glass Ice-Bowl, with Mount and Drainer.
Prince's Plate 21 15 0
Sterling Silver 3 10 0
Ice-Tongs 10s.



Very Handsomely Cut Champagne Jug, with Romeyn's
Ice-Well, Mounted in Prince's Plate of Sterling Silver.

	Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.
2 pints ...	24 10 0	28 15 0
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12 Knives only, Engraved	7 5 0	14 10 0	
12 Knives only, Plain	4 10 0	9 5 0	



Soda and Brandy Frame, with Engraved Glass
Bottle and two Tumblers, and spaces for four
Soda and two Seltzer Water Bottles, 23 10s.



	Fish Knives and Forks.	Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.
12 Knives only, Plain	£27 6 0	£16 10 0	
12 Knives only, Engraved	6 16 0	16 0 0	
12 Knives only, Plain	4 0 0	9 12 6	
12 Knives only, Plain	3 12 0	9 5 0	

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Ivory Handles, with Electro Silver Chased Blades and Sterling Silver Ferrules, as illustrated £4 5 0

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Same as above, but Plain Blades 4 0 0

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Pearl Handles, with Electro Silver Chased Blades and Sterling Silver Ferrules, as illustrated £2 10 0

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12 pairs Dessert Knives and Forks. Prince's Plate. Sterling Silver.

Clear Glass Jug, Step-out Bottoms. Prince's Plate. Sterling Silver.

2 pints £2 0 0

3 " " 2 5 0

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HOT WEATHER.

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You want **THE BEST** Aerated **MEDICINAL WATERS** at a fraction of usual cost;

You want to aerate **LIGHT WINES, &c.**, **WITH OR WITHOUT DILUTION!!!**

To make **DELICIOUS FRUIT DRINKS**;

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 27, 1898), with a codicil (dated March 7, 1899), of Mr. Robert Ryrie, of 34, Upper Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, who died on May 2, was proved on July 16 by Joseph Greaves, John Mackenzie Ryrie, and John Elphinston Ryrie Oldfield, the executors, the value of the estate being £197,825. The testator gives £30,000 to his nephew John Elphinston Ryrie Oldfield; £30,000 to the four daughters of his late nephew Phineas A. R. Oldfield; £500 each to John Greaves and Alexander Ryrie Greaves; £5000 to John Mackenzie Ryrie; £1000 to William Greaves; £500 to Joseph Greaves; £250 each to his executors; £500 to Philip Moncrieff Skene; £500 per annum, upon trust, for his niece Katherine Oldfield; and other legacies. He further gives £1000 to the Jews Hospital, Stornoway; £500 each to the Caledonian Asylum and the Scottish Hospital or Corporation, London; and £250 each to the Royal Alfred Institution for Aged Seamen, the Shipwrecked Mariners and Fishermen's Society, and the Metropolitan Convalescent Home. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother, William Donald Ryrie, but should he die in the testator's lifetime, then to his nephew John Elphinston Ryrie Oldfield.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1897), with a codicil (dated Dec. 29, 1899), of Mr. Richard Milne-Redhead, J.P., F.R.C.S., of Springfield, Seedley, Manchester, and Holden Clough, Bolton-by-Rowlands, Clitheroe, who died on Feb. 21, was proved on July 16 by George Bertram Milne-Redhead, the son, John Milne Atkinson, and Roger Boston, three of the executors, the value of the estate being £138,195. The testator gives £100 each to his executors, and subject thereto the whole of his property is to be held, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife for life. On her death he gives and devises Springfield and the ground rents arising out of property in Church Street and Ducie Street, Manchester, to his son Richard Henry; Holden Clough and the farm called Barratt Hill Nook to his son

Arthur Cecil; his cottages at Ainsworth, near Bolton-le-Moors, to his son Wilfred Eustace; and his property in 1, Victoria Street, Ardwick, to his son George Bertram. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, the share of his eldest son to be double that of each of his younger sons, and the share of each of his younger sons to be double that of each daughter.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement and codicils (dated Sept. 4, 1899, and Jan. 14 and April 16, 1900) of Mr. William Birkmyre, of Victoria Lodge, Innellan, formerly M.P. for the Ayr Burghs, who died on April 19, granted to Henry Birkmyre, the son, John Birkmyre, the brother, William Birkmyre, the nephew, William Birkmyre Laird, Clyde Birkmyre Colart, Adam Birkmyre, the brother, and Alexander Lade, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on July 19, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £101,810.

The will (dated May 17, 1893), with a codicil (of May 1, 1894), of James Maclaren Smith-Gray, of 44, The Boltons, South Kensington, and of Brownwood House, Epsom, Surrey, who died on Feb. 26, was proved on July 18 by Evelleen, Baroness Gray, the widow, Captain the Hon. James Maclaren Stuart Gray, the son, and Robert Todd, the executors, the value of the estate being £96,426. The testator bequeaths his furniture, pictures, plate, &c., at the Boltons to his wife; £1000 to Louise Marguerite Françoise Rubin; and £1000, upon trust, for his nephew, William Pitcairn Knowles, or his family. The residue of his property he leaves upon trust to pay the income of one half thereof to his wife during her widowhood, with power of appointment over £10,000, and subject thereto for all his children in equal shares. The testator's younger son, Captain the Hon. Lonsdale Richard Douglas Gray, 6th Dragoon Guards, died of fever at Johaunesburg on June 10.

The will (dated Dec. 14, 1892), with six codicils (dated March 29, 1893, Jan. 31 and Aug. 6, 1895, Oct. 7, 1896,

Dec. 23, 1897, and March 19, 1899), of Mr. John Shaw, of Beddington Lodge, Beddington, Surrey, a member of the firm of Messrs. Baileys, Shaw, and Gillett, of Berners Street, solicitors, who died on June 19, was proved on July 21 by John Norman Hardcastle and Edward Horsman Bailey, the executors, the value of the estate being £163,238. The testator gives £1500, upon trust, for Emily Alice England and her children; £200 to his cousin Colonel Ashton Shuttleworth; £1500 to Mrs. Sophie Tate; £2000 between Frederick John Luscombe, William Edward Luscombe, and Katherine Elizabeth Clay; and many small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to Edward Horsman Bailey and John Norman Hardcastle.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1895) of Sir Thomas Thornhill, Bart., formerly M.P. for West Suffolk, of Uakenham Lodge, Bury St. Edmunds, who died on April 2, was proved on July 18 by Dame Katherine Edith Isabella Thornhill, the widow, and Sir Anthony John Thornhill, Bart., the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £23,247. The testator gives £500 and his household effects to his wife, and his jewels and watches to his son. He claims the hereditaments and premises comprised in the Carham settlement with the payment of £10,000 to his daughter, Beatrice Mary Thornhill. During the time his daughter shall remain unmarried the income of a further sum of £5000 is to be paid to her. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, or until she shall become entitled to an estate for life in the premises comprised in the Carham settlement. Subject thereto he leaves his property to his son.

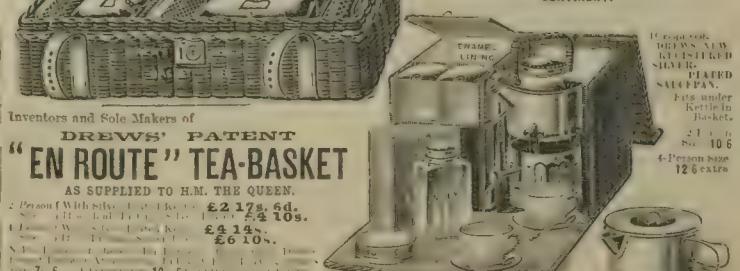
The will (dated Nov. 21, 1899) of Mr. Henry Green, J.P., of Blackwall, and the Cherry Orchard, Old Charlton, Kent, formerly M.P. for the Poplar Division of the Tower Hamlets, senior partner of R. and H. Green, shipowners, who died on June 7, was proved on July 24 by Mrs. Frances Grisborne Green, the widow, Richard Henry Green, the son, Charles Ernest Green, the brother, and

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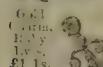
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Gold, with Opal, 15s. 6d.; Ruby,
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£1 1s.



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Joseph Fletcher Green, the executors, the value of the estate being £48,803. The testator gives the money, furniture, plate, horses and carriages, at his residence, the money on private account at his bankers, two life policies, and £1300 per annum, during such time as any of his children shall reside with her, or thereafter of £1000 per annum, to his wife; Green's Yard, Blackwall, and his freehold property between all his children; and specific gifts of pictures and silver to members of his family. His interest in any business carried on by himself or in partnership, with the leasehold premises, goodwill, and assets, is to be held, upon trust, to pay the said annuity to his wife, and subject thereto, as to one moiety, for his son Richard Henry; and the other moiety, as to one half thereof, for his son John Ernest Frederick; and the other half for his sons Arthur Dowson, Edward Cecil, and George Britzler. He also gives £4000 each to his children, except his sons Richard Henry and John Ernest Frederick, to whom he leaves the residue of his property.

The will (dated July 30, 1892) of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry William Harris, of the Cairnies, Perth, and 21, Wilbury Road, Hove, Brighton, who died on Nov. 14, was proved on July 21 by Colonel Thomas Marshall Harris, the cousin, and Andrew Hunter Ballingal, two of the

executors, the value of the estate being £23,084. The testator gives £50 per annum to his mother for life, and then to her daughter Minnie, until she shall marry; and his heritable and real estate in Scotland, except certain premises in Edinburgh, upon trust, for his daughter Florence Ethel Cartier Harris. The residue of his property he leaves, upon sundry trusts and conditions, for his three daughters Florence Ethel Cartier, Hilda Muriel, and Edith Maud Winifred. His widow, Mrs. Harris, is provided for by the pension from the Bombay Military Fund.

The will (dated May 27, 1897) of the Rev. Prebendary Henry William Parry Richards, of 27, Lancaster Gate, formerly Rector of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, was proved on July 11 by Mrs. Jessie Margaret Richards, the widow, and Henry Erle Richards, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £18,961. The testator bequeathed £2000 and his household furniture and effects to his wife, and subject thereto leaves all his property upon trust for her life, and then to his children.

The Great Northern Railway Company has made extensive arrangements for the benefit of holiday-makers. The cheap week-end tickets usually issued each Friday and Saturday will be issued on Friday, Aug. 3, and

Saturday, Aug. 4, available for return on Sunday (if train service admits), Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, Aug. 5, 6, 7, or 8.

The London and North Western Railway Company is running a number of extra express trains during the holidays. Special arrangements have been made, too, for the issuing of cheap tourist tickets. Waiting at the booking office can be avoided by buying a ticket, on any days but Sundays or Bank Holidays, in advance, at any one of the towns receiving offices of the company.

"Paris and Back for 30s." is an attraction that should not be missed by those who would like to spend their holidays seeing the Great Exhibition. Tickets available for fourteen days are issued by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway Company from Charing Cross, Cannon Street, Holborn, and Victoria Stations. Cheap trains will also be run to the principal seaside resorts.

The North London Railway Company is running trains at frequent intervals on Bank Holiday to Kew Gardens, Earl's Court (for the Woman's Exhibition), Richmond, Teddington, Hampton Court, Bushey, Windsor, Maidenhead, Henley, etc. Cheap tickets will also be issued to Southend and Burnham-on-Crouch. Full particulars can be obtained at any of the company's stations.

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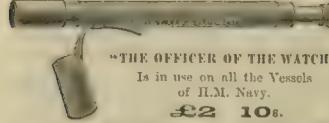
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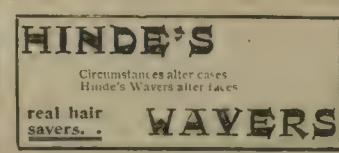
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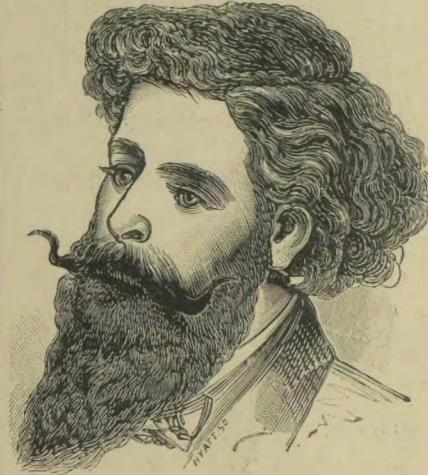
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

MISS STEER'S CLOSING PROGRAMME AT THE COMEDY.

To lend some sort of distinction to the close of her season, Miss Janette Steer last Saturday afternoon offered a special matinée performance, consisting of select scenes of "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet" and a new one-act play of Mrs. Alicia Ramsey's composition. Need it be added that the actress-manageress herself elected to appear in all three sections of the programme? But her efforts, unfortunately, however well-intentioned, however earnest and painstaking, were quite thrown away. Indeed, the less said about the Shakespearian experiments of Miss Steer the better. A female Hamlet, even in the closet scene, is a monstrous sexless absurdity; and where a Sarah Bernhardt fails, how should a Janette Steer succeed? As for the balcony

episode of "Romeo and Juliet," prefaced at the Comedy, if you please, by the singing of one of Tosti's serenades, it was robbed of all its poetry and made to reek of the footlights. Miss Janette Steer declaimed Juliet's lines with not a little amiable intelligence, but without a note of convincing, not to say tragic, passion. Nor did the new work of that promising playwright, Mrs. Ramsey, present any atoning merits; "Isla the Chosen," as it is called, proved an exasperating and tedious disappointment. This story of an Egyptian priestess—half Joan of Arc, half Jael, who feels inspired and is enabled to kill her country's tyrannical and blasphemous oppressor—may be readable enough, and might have been made fairly dramatic; but it is overburdened with tirades of dreary length hurled at the national enemy, with oft-repeated prayers addressed to Isis and Osiris, with a wearisome account of a heavenly vision. Words! words!—nothing but endless rhetoric

recalling somewhat the language of the Hebrew prophets, but not to be redeemed certainly by a mere hard-worker like Miss Steer from the reproach of desperate and mechanical monotony.

Mr. Walter Long, M.P., has retired from the West Derby Division of Liverpool, finding himself out of accord with the majority of his constituents on Church affairs.

The proprietors of "Lemco" announce that a number of buoys have been recently cast adrift on the high seas. If you are taking your holidays at a seaside town, you should look out for them. They are the same size and shape as a soda-water bottle, and are painted green and white. Each bottle contains a coupon for a free week's holiday at the seaside, a 2-lb. jar of Lemco, or a cloth-bound cookery-book.

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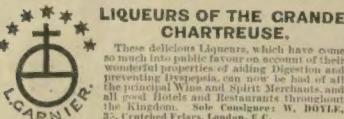
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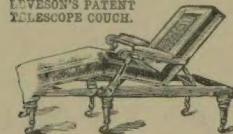
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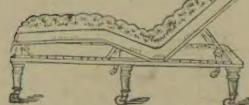
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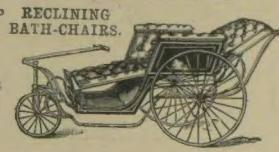
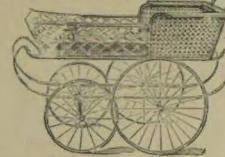


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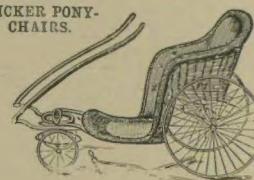
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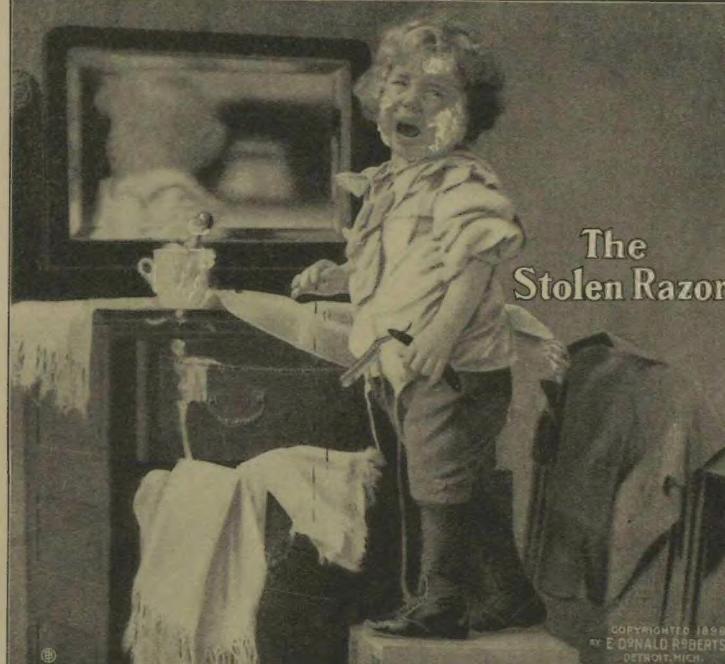
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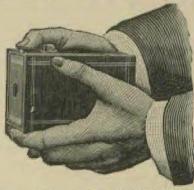
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